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THE GREAT MUSICIANS

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THE GREAT MUSICIANS

WEBER

The Great Musicians

Edited by FRANCIS HUEFFER

WEBER

By SIR JULIUS BENEDICT

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Dedicated

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TO

HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY

The Queen,

BY

HER MAJESTY'S MOST HUMBLE AND DEVOTED SERVANT,

JULIUS BENEDICT.

THE materials for this short Biography were gathered partly from Weber's diary, from communications with his contemporaries, and from my own personal recollections. I have, however, gratefully to acknowledge my indebtedness to Baron Max Maria von Weber's *Life* of his father, to Professor Friedrich Wilhelm Jähns's extensive *Catalogue*, and to the *Lebensskizze* by the same author, all of which have been of great service to me.

JULIUS BENEDICT.

2, MANCHESTER SQUARE.

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

	PAGE
ANCESTORS	1
ECCENTRICITIES OF FATHER	3
BIRTH	4
ENFANT PRODIGE	5
EARLY EDUCATION	5
FIRST DRAMATIC WORK	7
ABBATE VOGLER (MEYERBEER)	8
WANDERJAHRE	9
STUTTGART (THE ROYAL WASHERWOMAN)	12
DUKE OF GOTHA	19
FIRST MEETING WITH GOETHE	20
PRODUCTION OF "SYLVANA"	23
PRAGUE	25
THÉRÈSE BRUNETTI	26
CAROLINE BRANDT	28
LYRE AND SWORD	34

PAGE

CAPELLMEISTER AT DRESDEN 43

MORLACCHI 44

"THE POETS' TEA" 48

MARRIAGE 50

MASS IN G 53

"INVITATION A LA VALSE" 54

"PRECIOSA" 57

BENEDICT WEBER'S PUPIL 61

PREPARATIONS FOR "DER FREISCHÜTZ" 62

REHEARSAL 63

CONCERT-STÜCK 66

FIRST PERFORMANCE OF "DER FREISCHÜTZ 66

RETURN TO DRESDEN 73

HUMILIATIONS 74

A MUSICAL MENU 74

"EURYANTHE" (LIBRETTO) 78

REHEARSAL (AT VIENNA) 86

MEETING WITH BEETHOVEN 86

"LUDLAM'S CAVE" 88

FIRST PERFORMANCE OF "EURYANTHE" 91

"I AM THE POETESS" 91

APPARENT SUCCESS 99

"OBERON" (PROPOSALS FROM LONDON) 106

PAGE

PHYSICAL SUFFERING DURING ITS COMPOSITION ... 107

VISIT TO GOETHE 108

"EURYANTHE" AT BERLIN 109

"OBERON" (THE LIBRETTO) 112

JOURNEY TO LONDON 115

SIR GEORGE SMART 115

APPEARANCE AT THE ORATORIO AND PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS 116

REHEARSALS OF "OBERON" 117

ALTERATIONS REQUIRED 118

SOCIAL ENGAGEMENTS 120

PARTY AT THE DUCHESS OF KENT'S.—PRINCESS VICTORIA 120

"OBERON" (FIRST PERFORMANCE) 121

A RIVAL OPERA 124

WEBER'S LAST SONG.—MISS STEPHENS 126

HIS CONCERT (FINANCIAL FAILURE) 128

LONGING FOR HOME 130

DEATH 132

TRANSFER OF HIS REMAINS TO DRESDEN 132

CATALOGUE OF WORKS 134

WEBER.

SEVERAL of the ancestors of Weber belonging to an old and noble Austrian family, were distinguished by a devotion, bordering almost on mania, to music and the stage. A Baron Joseph Franz Weber had a small theatre and concert-room erected upon his own estate as early as the beginning of the seventeenth century. In the thirty years' war, and the tröublous times following it, the Austrian property was lost to the family, the members of which found new homes in the service of some of the petty princes who were then swarming all over Germany. Two brothers, Fridolin and Franz Anton von Weber, uncle and father of Carl Maria, are spoken of as renowned amateurs at the court of Karl Theodor, Elector of the Palatinate, about the middle of the eighteenth century. One of Fridolin's daughters, Constance, became a celebrated vocalist, and the wife of the great Mozart, the two eminent composers being thus cousins by marriage.

Weber's father, Franz Anton, the handsome lieutenant in the Guard of the Elector, was the pattern of a *junker* of the period. Penniless, idle, reckless in spirit, but

jovial in manner, he became a general favourite of the *jeunesse dorée* at Mannheim, which he left to mend his fallen fortunes in the seven years' war.

Wounded at the battle of Rosbach, he quitted the army, and entered the civil service. By a fortunate coincidence he not only wooed and married his beautiful bride, Maria Anna de Fumetti, but the death of his father-in-law happening almost immediately afterwards, he succeeded him in the important position of financial councillor and district judge to Clemens August, Elector of Cologne, Bishop of Hildesheim. This, according to our present ideas, was certainly a most extraordinary appointment. Baron Weber knew no other law than that which answered his purpose, and his financial acquirements consisted in spending lavishly his income and the marriage portion of his wife; but then he was good-looking, a pleasant companion at table, played the violin remarkably well, and was a nobleman into the bargain—qualities considered, a hundred years ago in Germany, sufficient to fit him for almost any responsible situation. His shortcomings were overlooked by the Elector; and not even the neglect of his official duties or his eccentricities could alter, for the space of nine years, his friendly intercourse with his indulgent patron and protector.

It must have been a singular and ludicrous exhibition to see the administrator of the law, violin in hand, strutting like a peacock before his family of eight children, and astonishing the quiet citizens of Hildesheim, during his walks in the neighbourhood, by wonderful flights of fancy on his favourite instrument: he

was also found more frequently behind the scenes of the theatre than in the courts of justice. At the death of Bishop Clemens August a new Elector was chosen, who, not showing the preference of his predecessor for the musical judge and councillor, dismissed him from the service with a small pension. Nothing daunted by this diminution of his income, or the burden of his large family, Franz Anton now followed his bent for musical and theatrical venture, and, after having nearly squandered the remnant of his poor wife's fortune, he at last left Hildesheim, and, starting under an assumed name as director of a wandering troupe of Thespians, found a more congenial atmosphere for his vagaries; but this was too much for the proud Anna, who died of a broken heart at the age of forty-seven.

Franz Anton henceforth dedicated all his time to his cherished pursuit, and was fortunate enough to obtain the post of Capellmeister to another small German sovereign, Friedrich August, Bishop of Lübeck and Eutin, where he endeavoured to get appointments for his sons in the orchestra and for his daughters on the stage.

He was not successful in these schemes, and left Eutin at the end of three years, disgusted and discouraged; and, after trying his luck in various parts of Germany, we find him in 1784 at Vienna. Excited by the astonishing success of his nephew, young Mozart, the ambitious Baron wanted to follow this example in his own family, and placed his two sons, Friedrich and Edmund, as pupils with the celebrated Joseph Haydn. A home for the children was found in a family of the

name of Von Brenner, and here Franz Anton, who was now fifty, fell violently in love with Genovefa, the daughter of the house, a pretty girl of sixteen. He won her affections, and they were married in 1785; but finding, with his limited means, no suitable home in the expensive metropolis, he carried his young bride back to Eutin.

Meanwhile the appointment of Capellmeister had been given to another, and having exhausted all his resources the proud nobleman was compelled to accept the humble situation of "Stadt Musikant" (town musician), the duties of his office being to conduct the music at the court balls, state dinners, or to play at weddings and serenades of the citizens or farmers.

Franz Anton felt the humiliation of his position keenly, but his sufferings were greatly surpassed by the deep melancholy of his pining and home-sick young wife, torn away from gay Vienna and all the friends of her early youth to vegetate in the dullest of provincial towns.

1786. It was under these unhappy circumstances that on the 18th of December, 1786, Genovefa gave birth to Carl Maria, a sickly child, suffering from a disease of the hip-bone, which was subsequently the cause of his permanent lameness.

The ever-scheming father, still bent upon rearing a second Mozart in his own family, and not having succeeded with his other sons, began at once the training of this poor boy, who could not walk till he was four years old, but was taught to put his tiny fingers on the piano and to sing almost before he was able to speak. It must,

however, be acknowledged that the other branches of his education were not neglected, and that no pains were spared to make him a juvenile prodigy in every respect. Resuming after a short time his wanderings, Baron Weber gave performances with his strolling company in various provincial towns of Germany, his wife and child following the erratic course of the restless *impresario* till they reached Salzburg.

1798. There, disheartened by a life so entirely repulsive to her quiet and gentle character, overcome by the severe climate, a victim to her husband's temper and rough treatment, poor Genovefa breathed her last before her darling son had reached his twelfth year.

Meanwhile the little Carl Maria suffered both morally and physically. The constant change of residence, the want of regular supervision in his studies, the injudicious number of masters of all sorts, the utter absence of real delicacy or refined feeling on the part of his selfish and boasting father, had the most pernicious effect on his general progress. The only advantage gained by his associating so early in life with the management of theatres, was his acquiring a perfect knowledge of the intricacies of the stage, and hence the development of dramatic power, of which he gave such signal proofs in his later works.

He was forced to write all sorts of music, amongst other things a mass, trios, sonatas, variations for piano, four-part songs, canons, &c., and even an opera, *The Power of Love and Wine*, which, however, were all accidentally burnt.

He did not mend his faulty mode of construction,

disregard of rhythm and immature attempts at fine writing, even under the tuition of Michael Haydn, the brother, but by no means the equal, of the author of the *Creation*.

Resolved to give a dramatic tendency to his son's talent, Franz Anton, interrupting his lessons, dragged him to Munich. Here two fresh masters were found, J. W. Kalcher for the pianoforte and composition, and Valesi (Wallishauser) for singing. Kalcher, organist to the Court and a renowned professor in the Bavarian capital, was the first to guide the boy's musical studies in the right direction. Weber, in his own biographical sketch, writes of him in the following words:—

"I owe chiefly to the clear, gradually progressive, careful instruction of the latter (Kalcher) the mastery and skill in the use of art means, principally with regard to pure four-part writing, which ought to be so natural to the Tone Poet if he is to make himself and his ideas intelligible to his hearers—just as orthography and rhythmical measure are necessary for the Poet."

Unfortunately, here again the father's interference and his unreasonable wish to establish the boy at once as an operatic composer overtaxed the young pupil's mind, encouraged the facile production of premature and dwarfed fruit, and caused him to form an overweening estimation of its value.

1799. At this time a strange incident very nearly gave an altered tendency to Weber's whole career. Aloys Sennefelder, by turns a briefless barrister, an unsuccessful actor, a bad artist, and a starving poet, who could find no publisher to speculate in the

printing of his comedies, searched for and discovered a cheap and easy means of reproducing MS., which he himself could carry out, and thus became the inventor of lithography. A man of erratic genius, like Franz Anton, to whom he had already taken a fancy at Nüremberg, Sennefelder initiated the Webers, father and son, into his art, which seemed to open to the infatuated old Baron the most brilliant prospects for both. His enthusiasm was contagious, and Carl Maria, fascinated by the idea of uniting in himself the positions of author, printer, and publisher, worked with great zeal to attain proficiency as a lithographer, and actually, though scarcely fourteen, introduced considerable improvements into the lithographic press. Fortunately for the world and for himself, his father and Sennefelder fell out, and henceforth nothing was thought of except the long-contemplated theatrical career.

1800. At Carlsbad, one of the stations in the rambling existence of the Webers, the manager of the theatre, Chevalier von Steinsberg, conceived a great interest for the young genius, and even entrusted to his hands the libretto of an opera written by himself, entitled the *Dumb Girl of the Forest*. This singular production was first performed at Freiberg in Saxony, November 24th, 1800, and afterwards, on the 5th of December of the same year, in Chemnitz, with little or no effect. Franz Anton's disappointment was great.

1801. A few concerts in the provinces, however, enabled father and son to return to Salzburg, where Carl resumed his studies with Michael Haydn and formed a lasting friendship with his fellow-pupil,

Sigismund Neukomm, known in England as the composer of several oratorios and of the favourite song, *The Sea*. Here, in complete retirement, he wrote a comic opera, *Peter Schmoll and his Neighbours*.

1802. It was first played in the house of Michael Haydn with pianoforte accompaniments only (June, 1802); but notwithstanding the flattering testimonial he received from his master, and his friend, Concertmeister Otter, who wrote at the end of it "*Erit mature ut Mozart*," its subsequent public production at Augsburg in the beginning of 1803 left no trace of either failure or success.

1803. At the end of that year the young composer is heard of at Vienna, where, instead of trying to repair the mischief done by incompetent teachers, his father selected, in preference to a sound musician like Albrechtsberger, or a master of the art like Haydn, the fashionable composer and organist of the period, Abbé Vogler—a man gifted with the highest social attractions, full of wit and anecdote, *persona grata* at the Imperial Court, and undoubtedly a clever eclectic in his art, adapting himself to all styles, and pilfering right and left with consummate skill. Though much overrated and extolled as a genius by the general public of Vienna, he was considered an unprincipled mountebank by the great musical authorities of the period. From his opera, *Samori*, which—though but for a short time—was esteemed a work equal to the best productions of Gluck, Cherubini, and Mozart, only the subject of a set of variations composed by his enthusiastic pupil, Carl Maria (Op. 6), is remembered. Weber had previously arranged the pianoforte score of that opera.

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Vogler, however, conceived a real affection for his pupil, whose flashes of genius could not escape the keen eye of the cunning Abbé. He therefore took the opportunity, when consulted about the appointment of conductor at the Opera of Breslau, to recommend Carl Maria, though the youngest of his pupils, for that important post.

Previously to his departure, Weber, then in his seventeenth year, had formed a close friendship with a Tyrolese officer, Gänsbacher, and being freed for the first time from his meddling father, who had returned to Salzburg, he found a genial companion in this young lieutenant, who had exchanged the sword for the lyre, and become a fellow-student under Vogler. The two youths, left to their own devices, but too soon plunged into the dissipations of the gay metropolis, and, for the sake of his future, it was just as well that Weber was removed from that dangerous atmosphere to the quiet dulness of a provincial town.

1804. It was in his new position that he enlarged his knowledge of the stage, advanced with giant strides to the highest degree of proficiency on the piano, and gave proofs of his talent in another branch of the art—the conducting of a large orchestra, in which he had already been initiated at the rehearsals of *Samori*. It was not an easy task for the beardless boy to impose his own views and readings on professors of mature age and experience; but he passed triumphantly through this severe ordeal, though his stern and just discipline made him many enemies, who soon had an opportunity of jeopardising his position.

1805. An accident nearly put an end to his career. Having drunk some corrosive poison, which had been carelessly left in his room, and which he mistook for wine, he was for nearly two months at death's door, and lost for ever one of the chief attractions of his talent—his beautiful voice. On his recovery he found that his opponents had turned to good account his forced absence, and that they had operated so insidiously on public opinion that he became disgusted with his position, and finally threw it up at the end of his second year of conductorship.

1806. It is unquestionable that, though of short duration, this appointment opened to Weber new vistas, and liberated him from the trammels and fetters of conventionality, by which till then he had been bound. His unfinished opera, *Rübezahl*, written during this period, bears witness to a great change in ideas, and to the development of an independent style. Unfortunately only a few pieces of this work have been preserved; amongst them the overture now entitled *The Ruler of the Spirits.*

The very small salary he had received during his engagement, viz. 600 thalers (£90) a year, was not sufficient to cover his expenses, especially as his father was dependent on him. He was also the victim of a *liaison* with a singer of the theatre, who increased to such a degree the drain upon his resources that he was soon involved in considerable debts which it took him many years to wipe off. By a lucky chance, however, he, conjointly with his father and an aunt, found a happy home with Duke Eugen Frederick of Wurtem-

berg, at Carlsruhe, in Silesia, where he passed a few peaceful months conducting the small but excellent orchestra of that princely lover of the art. Here he composed his two Symphonies in C.

But this ray of sunlight was of short duration. The disastrous war with France in 1806 began to tell heavily on the social state of Germany, and obliged Duke Eugen to give up his establishment. He did not, however, forget his *protégé*, but, recommending him warmly to his brothers, the King and Duke Louis of Wurtemberg, obtained for him the post of private secretary to the latter, at Stuttgart.

1807. The young man, just entering his twenty-first year, and again free from any control, was thus thrown at once from his comparative solitude into the vortex of a dissipated court. The newly-created king, Frederick, husband of the Princess Royal of England, Charlotte Matilda Augusta, daughter of George III., loved pomp and show. Numberless chamberlains crowded the apartments of the luxurious monarch, both at Stuttgart and Ludwigsburg, besides minions partly belonging to noble German families, partly chosen for their good looks and insolent manners from amongst the lowest of the low. The brilliant uniforms of the generals and scores of young officers from the four regiments of the Guard of the king's paltry but expensive army were everywhere to be seen, and the palaces rang from morning to night with music, mirth, and the uproar of unseemly pranks of the spoiled pages, in whose loose tone and manners his majesty delighted.

Next in rank to the king was his brother, Duke

Louis, a dissolute and nearly ruined prince, always in the most painful embarrassments, and affecting intimate friendship with General Dillen, one of the royal favourites, in order to obtain loans, through his influence, from the king.

Poor Weber had not only to undertake the private correspondence of the duke, to regulate as comptroller the expenses of the household, manage the privy purse, and keep the books of receipts and disbursements, but to act as mediator with the king when the affairs of the duke were in a desperate plight. On such occasions it was the custom of his majesty to indulge in passionate outbursts, and to pour the most offensive epithets on the devoted head of the innocent messenger. Weber's ill-concealed hatred of the monarch was returned with tenfold interest by the king, who, after keeping the troublesome secretary for hours in his antechamber, would receive him only to turn him out of the room without allowing him to utter a word.

This one day so exasperated Weber that, when smarting under some fresh indignity, he revenged himself by a mad freak which very nearly resulted in his imprisonment in the fortress Hohenasperg. He had just left the furious king, shrieking with rage in his private apartments, when he met an old and by no means good-looking lady, inquiring where she could find the room of the royal washerwoman. "There!" said the reckless youth, pointing to the door of the sovereign's cabinet. The old lady entered, was violently abused by the king, who had a horror of aged and ugly females, and in terror stammered that the

junge Herr who had just passed out had designated the room she had entered as the abode of the royal washerwoman. The incensed monarch at once guessed who the culprit was, and on the spot ordered him to be thrown into prison. Carl Maria was, however, speedily released through the duke's influence, though the insult was never forgotten by the king.

1808. Notwithstanding these drawbacks, Weber had made charming acquaintances at Stuttgart. The sculptor Dannecker, just then occupied with his celebrated *Ariadne*, and Matthison the poet of Beethoven's *Adelaide*, were amongst them. Louis Spohr, at that time already one of Germany's greatest violin-players and composers, also came to see him; but his staunchest and most valued friend was no doubt Danzi, the clever conductor at the Opera. Ever since his stay at Munich this accomplished artist, who was besides every inch a gentleman, had taken the liveliest interest in the boy's progress, and now he stood by him as a monitor, trying to guard him against the dissipations and seductions of the frivolous court, and defending him in the hours of trial, which were but too soon to throw a gloom over his career. Would that he had always listened to the advice of this excellent man! But, sad to say, the company of one whose counsels and conduct were more to the taste of the light-hearted Carl Maria prevailed over Danzi's warnings. Franz Carl Hiemer, belonging to a society whose denomination, "Faust's Ride to Hell," indicated to perfection the tendency of its members, was the tempter who had much to answer for in leading astray the inexperienced youth. Hiemer, who

had been occupied for a considerable time with the translation and adaptation for the German stage of French and Italian operas, seemed to the future author of *Der Freischütz* the right man for remodelling the libretto of the *Dumb Girl of the Forest* (now named *Sylvana*), with the numerous additions introduced since its first production. He was thrown, therefore, into daily contact with this fascinating but by no means scrupulous man, who introduced him behind the scenes to all the artists, and principally to the sirens of the Royal Theatre. Under the pretext of converting and finishing the plot of *Sylvana*, dinners, country excursions, and riotous suppers, with Margarethe Lang, one of the youngest and prettiest *prima donnas* of the royal establishment, as queen of the *fêtes*, were arranged. As a necessary consequence, more even than in Breslau Weber found himself involved in pecuniary embarrassments, which came to a crisis by the unexpected arrival of his father from Carlsruhe in the spring of 1809.

1809. Franz Anton, then in his seventy-fifth year, boasting and garrulous as ever, a wreck both morally and physically, became again the evil genius of his son, to whom he brought nothing but a heap of debts and the same baneful interference which had so often compromised the prospects of both.

At the end of 1809 Carl Maria discovered, to his utter dismay, that the old man had misappropriated certain sums, which the son as secretary had received from the duke to pay off a mortgage on the family estate in Silesia, and in order to shelter his father from disgrace he himself became the sufferer.

1810. The king found now the long-desired opportunity of revenge. The opera of *Sylvana* was in rehearsal under Weber's and Danzi's personal direction on the evening of February the 9th, 1810, when a body of gendarmes invaded the theatre by order of the king and dragged the luckless composer into prison, whilst his father was not permitted to quit his room. After a kind of mock trial, presided over by the king himself, whose vituperation and invective were met with calm dignity by the young prisoner, the two Webers were condemned, transported by the police to the frontier in the most ignominious manner, and banished the kingdom for ever.

From the 27th of February, 1810, the day when the two exiles took refuge at Mannheim, dates the regenerated life of the artist whose genius, henceforth freed from all alloy, shone in purity and brilliancy like gold cleansed in fire. Carl Maria's firm resolve to devote his whole existence to his beloved art was fully carried out. Not that his time had been wholly lost during the dissipations of the last three years. A set of pianoforte duets, composed for the Princesses of Wurtemberg, daughters of Duke Louis, to whom he gave instruction in his leisure hours, the greater part of the opera *Sylvana* rewritten, a considerable portion of a charming operetta, *Abu Hassan*, sketched, and a cantata, *Der Erste Ton*, belong to that period. But being now in a genial atmosphere, leaving behind him corruption and deceit, all his better qualities—and they were not few—received an impulse which soon led to excellent results.

At Mannheim, in the house of his namesake, the celebrated theorist, Gottfried Weber, he found a home for his father, to whom, though suffering from all the mischief he had done him, he was attached with filial devotion. Both in that town and at Darmstadt, where he met his beloved master, Vogler, again, he spent a great part of his time with the companions of his studies, Gänsbacher and Mayer Beer (Meyerbeer), who became his life-long friends.

Jacob Meyerbeer, which sounds a little more prosaic than the euphonious Giacomo adopted in Italy, was the son of one of the wealthiest bankers in Berlin. From his boyhood he evinced decided talent for music, and, forgetting his wealth, studied it in right earnest; for though only seventeen years old, he had already become one of the most eminent pianists of his time. This put Carl Maria on his mettle, and caused him to display a restless activity in trying to follow the example of the industrious and untiring boy. His first pianoforte Concerto in C, a great number of the most popular *Lieder*, six sonatas for piano and violin, and his operetta, *Abu Hassan* (now fully scored and completed), were all produced in the same year.

The last-named work was, however, nearly laid aside owing to an interesting incident which took place during one of Weber's delightful tours with another of his young friends, A. von Dusch. When together at Stift Neuberg, they came across the very striking book by Apel—*Gespenster Geschichten* (Ghost Stories), just published. One of these, "Der Freischütz," so engrossed

their interest as a wonderful subject for a libretto, that they wrote a scenarium during that very night. Dusch was anxious to undertake the literary part, but, pressing duties preventing him, it was entirely laid aside, and thus happily deferred until Weber's genius had reached its ultimate and highest development ten years later.

On the 17th September, 1810, his opera *Sylvana* was first produced at Frankfort, but a balloon ascent of the celebrated Mme. Blanchard so absorbed the public that the theatre was nearly empty. The work, though applauded by the scanty audience, achieved only a *succès d'estime*. The principal part was performed by a young artist, then in her eighteenth year, Caroline Brandt, who at that time little dreamed that she was destined to become Weber's partner for life.

1811. After leaving his beloved master, Vogler, at the beginning of 1811, Carl Maria began his great artistic journey through Germany and Switzerland, at first alone, but afterwards in company with Baermann, an eminent virtuoso on the clarinet, whose acquaintance he had made at Munich. Thanks to the favour he found with the King and Queen of Bavaria whilst in that capital, the small but delightful one-act opera, *Abu Hassan*, taken from the *Arabian Nights*, and intended by the librettist, Hiemer, as a humorous satire on Weber's financial difficulties in Stuttgart, was given for the first time at Munich on the 4th of June, 1811, with great success, and soon found its way to all the theatres in Germany. Its first performance in England was in 1825 at Drury Lane Theatre, and its last production was at the same place in 1870. This work is a

great advance in every respect on *Sylvana*, and it is interesting to note how the Oriental colouring which Weber imparts in it to all his characters reappears, after a lapse of fifteen years, in *Oberon*, where the singing of Fatima recalls her namesake in *Abu Hassan*.

Notwithstanding the many interruptions by journeys, concert-giving, &c., the year 1811 was one of the most fertile of Weber's genius; and some of his freshest and most successful instrumental works belong to that period. Amongst others, three concertos for the clarinet, variations with accompaniment of pianoforte for the same instrument, a concerto for bassoon, the rondo of the pianoforte concerto in E flat, the entire re-scoring of the overture to *Rübezahl* (the Ruler of the Spirits), two grand Italian *scenas* and *arias*, besides various German songs, furnish manifest proofs of his activity and of his variety of style. With each successive work he seems to gain greater independence of thought and a more defined individuality.

After a most pleasant stay at Munich, interrupted only by a short excursion to Switzerland, and wound up with a concert for himself and his *fidus Achates*, Baermann, the two artists started for the north of Germany. Prague, Dresden, and Leipsic received the travellers with artistic honours, though the pecuniary results were far from satisfactory. In the last-named town Weber cemented his life-long friendship with Fr. Rochlitz, editor of the *Musical Gazette*, and considered one of the most learned critics of Germany.

They then accepted an invitation of the gifted but

most eccentric Duke Emil Leopold August of Saxe-Gotha. This prince, an excellent sovereign and beloved by the subjects of his little dukedom, an able administrator, averse to the ridiculous military display of his princely neighbours, and a real patron of the fine arts, of a kind disposition, full of wit, poetic and musical talent, marred these qualities by occasional freaks of strange eccentricity. Thus he would don female attire at his court receptions, wear a differently coloured wig every day, appear sometimes in a Roman costume, &c. On one of his great "gala" days he approached each member of the assembly in turn, as if he had to make a very important communication. This was confirmed by the somewhat perplexed attitude of all present. When he left, each asked of his neighbour, "What did the duke say to you?" The first answered, "He told me, in a subdued tone and with a knowing smile, one, two, three." Said the second, "He whispered in my ear, with the greatest condescension, four, five, six;" and thus continuing counting, the duke had made the round of the whole court circle.

1812. The prince absorbed almost the entire time of the young composer's stay in Gotha by impromptu concerts, musical soirées, &c., given in conjunction with Baermann and Spohr, then Court Capellmeister. Though gratifying to his *amour propre*, this constant excitement at last became wearisome, and the artistic pair breathed more freely when on their road to the neighbouring Weimar in the end of January, 1812. Here not only the Grand Duke, so well known as the protector and friend of Schiller and Goethe, but his charming

daughter-in-law, Maria Paulowna, sister of the Emperor Alexander of Russia, and an admirable musical amateur, gave them the most cordial reception. Not so the man whom of all others they admired and revered—the immortal author of *Faust*. At a musical soirée given in honour of Weber and his companion by the princess, Wolfgang von Goethe, the proud Staatsminister of the Grand Duke, made his appearance, talked loudly during the performance of a duet by Weber and Baermann, and then was about to take his immediate departure without paying the smallest attention to the mortified artists, when Weber was introduced to him. He was, however, honoured with no more than the most commonplace civility on the part of the great poet. Zelter, of Berlin, was the only privileged musician of that period who enjoyed Goethe's friendship to his death, and to whose strong recommendation the boy, Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy, owed, in 1824, a quite different reception from that granted to Weber.

His acquaintance with Wieland, the German Anacreon, as he was called, was of a much more pleasant description, and the impression he received from his intercourse with this cheerful and sympathetic old man had no doubt a great deal to do with his selection in after-life of that poet's *Oberon* for his last great work. He formed also a close friendship with the celebrated actor, Pius Alexander Wolff (author of the drama *Preciosa*) and his wife.

After a short trip to Dresden, where the concerts of the two virtuosi were great successes with regard to

their artistic appreciation by the scanty public assembled, they left the Saxon capital for Berlin, and arrived there on the 20th February, 1812.

The importance of Weber's first visit to the town in which nine years later he achieved his greatest triumph cannot be overrated. He soon formed new acquaintances, and established friendly relations with several of the men most eminent by their social position and their talent in science, literature, or music. Amongst these may be named Heinrich Lichtenstein (Professor of Zoology), the Beer family (parents, brothers, and sisters of Meyerbeer), Gubitz (the editor of the influential newspaper, *Der Freimüthige*), E. T. Hofmann (the celebrated author, and the composer of the opera *Undine*), Music-director Rungenhagen, and Prince Anton Radzivill (a distinguished musical amateur, who had composed the lyrical parts of Goethe's *Faust*).

The gloomy political atmosphere gave a serious aspect to the great northern city preparatory to the universal uprising of the nation against the French invader, and the elevated ideas of love of country and freedom which had been glimmering under the ashes, were soon destined to burst out in an irresistible flame. Napoleon's legions had laid low the two mightiest opponents of the bold and unscrupulous conqueror. Rosbach had been avenged by Jena and Magdeburg; and the King of Prussia compelled to leave his capital and to vegetate at Königsberg; the daughter of the proud house of Hapsburg, Marie Louise, had become the wife of the former lieutenant of artillery; the Pope was a prisoner at Fontainebleau; one of the

usurper's brothers had become King of Spain, another King of Holland, a third King of Westphalia; his brother-in-law was Viceroy in Italy, a cousin King of Naples; all the smaller states in Germany had been transformed into kingdoms and dukedoms, which, though enriched with provinces wrested from Austria and Prussia, were entirely powerless; a son and heir, bearing the title of King of Rome, seemed to assure the future of the Napoleonic dynasty for ever: only one power remained—the indomitable and unvanquished antagonist of the French Emperor, England. The first check of the invincible Grenadiers de la Garde was at Torres-Vedras, but Napoleon heeded it not. He wanted to punish his former defeated enemy and now wavering ally, Russia, and by this means so to isolate Great Britain that its invasion and conquest should be only a matter of time, and that Aboukir and Trafalgar should be wiped out in the ruin of "*la perfide Albion.*" To fill the cup of humiliation to overflowing, a Prussian and Austrian army were to co-operate with the French and the minor southern German States in the invasion of the Czar's vast dominions. This was too much for the oppressed and down-trodden Germans. Everywhere secret associations were formed, and, notwithstanding executions and incarcerations of patriots, the uprising of the entire nation and a struggle to the bitter end were discussed and prepared.

This portentous state of things could not fail to impress Weber, who had hitherto lived an easy, careless life in the light-hearted and often profligate courts of Southern Germany, and had not escaped unscathed

from the seductions of frivolous courtiers. Now for the first time he was initiated to higher aspirations, and brought into contact with the best of his countrymen in every condition of life. The impressions created on his mind are henceforth manifest in a more elevated style, which gradually made him reach the pinnacle of his career.

His first months in Berlin were devoted to the production of his opera, *Sylvana*, which, after considerable trouble, he succeeded in having brought out at the Opera House on the 10th July. It was received apparently with much favour, but neither then nor at its reproduction in 1814 did the work outlive a few representations, owing to the incorrigible feebleness of its plot and the deficiency of dramatic interest. The inherent defects of the music are a want of unity of style, chiefly to be attributed to the fact that its composition was spread over many years, partly belonging to his youthful and immature efforts and partly composed in a period of transition. By judiciously selecting the most effective pieces and adapting a rational libretto to them there would be a probability of giving *Sylvana* a place amongst the later productions of the same author. An attempt in that direction was made only a few years ago by M. Widor, in Paris, who introduced into his arrangements with good success some of Weber's earlier songs.

During the preparations for the production of his opera, Carl Maria received from Gottfried Weber the news of his father's death (16th April, 1812), which affected him deeply. Notwithstanding the vagaries of

the old man and the almost endless scrapes and difficulties of which he was the cause, his son cherished him with a truly touching affection, and never once reproached him with his want of discretion and often unjustifiable conduct. Weber mentions the event thus in his diary :—

"He fell asleep tranquilly, it is said. May God grant him above that peace which he had not below! It is beyond measure painful to me that I could do no more to procure his happiness. May God bless him for all the great love he bore me, and which I did not deserve, and for the education which he bestowed on me."

Weber terminated his stay at Berlin on the 31st August, and from the 6th September till December 19th he remained again the guest of his princely patron, the Duke of Saxe-Gotha, his incessant musical activity being interrupted only by a second visit to the Grand Duchess Maria Paulowna at Weimar, by whom he was received with the most marked consideration, and where, owing perhaps to the high distinctions bestowed on him at the palace, he obtained a more friendly recognition by Goethe than at his first meeting, without, however, carrying with him a lastingly favourable impression of the great poet.

On the 19th of December Weber left Gotha, passing for a third time through Weimar, where he played with his wonted success at the palace, and reached Leipsic on the 26th of December.

The year 1812 was memorable for the composition of the following works :—The great pianoforte concerto in E flat ; the pianoforte variations on a theme from

Méhul's *Joseph ;* the hymn, *In seiner Ordnung schafft der Herr ;* and the first of his four great pianoforte sonatas.

1813. This year began under very favourable auspices. On the 1st of January the hymn and the concerto were performed by Weber at a very successful concert he gave at Leipsic. At the conclusion of his artistic tour he went to Prague, where he arrived on the 12th of January. Here the place of musical director of the theatre had just become vacant. To this he was appointed by the manager, an intelligent man, Herr Liebich, who, fully appreciating the value of his new acquisition, charged him with the engagement of the principal artists for the season. Liebich had long seen the necessity of a complete reform in the opera, which had fallen to decay under previous incompetent directors: the public had become lukewarm, took no interest in the theatre, and was conspicuous by its absence. Weber's task was a difficult one. He went, on March 27th, to Vienna, where he stopped two months, and completed the formation of his troupe. Here he found again Meyerbeer and Spohr, and made some very interesting new acquaintances; amongst others, Salieri, Mosel, Castelli, Moscheles, and the Counts Palffy and Dietrichstein. On his return to Prague, with that conscientious feeling for art which he maintained till his death, he began the rehearsals of Spontini's *Fernand Cortez*—the work which was destined to open the operatic season. His activity was marvellous: he combined the heterogeneous offices of scene-painter, stage-manager, prompter, copyist, superintendent of costumes, and musical director,

inspiring all branches of the establishment with his boundless energy. Unfortunately his fine and noble qualities did not prevent him from falling into the snares of a fascinating, unscrupulous woman, who very nearly destroyed his prospects in life. Thérèse Brunetti was the wife of a dancer belonging to the company engaged, she herself having risen from the ballet to the position of an actress, undertaking light parts with fair success. Being in the habit of attending opera rehearsals, she came in almost daily contact with the young conductor. Though the mother of several children, she still maintained a charm and freshness in her appearance which soon captivated the too susceptible heart of the musician, encouraged rather than thwarted in this mode of action by her wily husband, who expected to gain influence and power by his wife's *liaison* with Weber. She succeeded in enticing the young man to take up his abode in Brunetti's house; and then began a system of coquetry and seduction, so enslaving her victim that escape seemed impossible. Notwithstanding her perversity, her delight in raising his jealousy almost to madness, her feigning one day the most profound passion, another complete contempt and indifference, he loved her beyond all description, enduring the sneers and ironical remarks of the society of Prague, and disregarding the counsels of his best friends.

The artful woman never felt any real affection for her awkward and not very handsome lover, but was highly flattered by her unlimited dominion over a man occupying such a prominent position, and whose smallest

attentions were so much sought after and so highly prized by her colleagues. It is a sad spectacle to contemplate the hopeless struggles of such a noble nature as Weber's in trying to break this degrading chain. Though always faithful in the fulfilment of his official duties, he neglected his art, following step by step the siren, watching her every moment, trying to catch a glimpse of her eye in the midst of the unworthy circle of her acquaintance, into which she dragged him, spending whole nights in the vain hope of obtaining a smile for the sacrifice of his talent and time. Not satisfied with raising his jealousy to fever pitch, she perfidiously tried to turn the tables upon him, when he upbraided her, by accusing him of infidelity to herself. Thus he exclaims in his diary of November 8th,—"Terrible scene (with Thérèse)! It is really a hard fate that the first woman whom I love truly and with all my heart should believe me faithless; and, before God, that is false. The enchanting dream is over. Confidence cannot return. Calina came; painful situation! The chain broke!" On 9th,—"Seen Thérèse: unspeakably painful explanation. Flow of tears caused by the pressure of sorrow; feverish agitation." On 14th,—"Again seen Thérèse. Long estrangement: at last reconciliation; indescribably affecting, our sufferings vanishing as if by enchantment. So powerfully does the mind affect the body." But on the 23rd we find this entry, "She loves me not; if she did, would it be possible for her to speak with such warmth of her first love, to dwell with delight on each small incident of its commencement, and to relate her own peculiar feel-

ings of that time? For me she never experienced them; and could she be so pitiless if she loved me? No. This dream has also fled; I must never know this bliss, but always stand alone. Here I love for the first time. And this woman possesses every quality which could make me happy. She fancies sometimes that she loves me—but it is not true. The necessity of a confidant, on whose rectitude she could implicitly rely, drew her to me. She can sit by the hour quietly beside me; but if by chance the conversation turns upon Hans, then she glows with rapture. I will now again shut myself up in myself, and she, at least, shall not be able to say that I did not worship her most intensely. I will do all for her happiness—bury the bitter certainty deep within me, and—work." Thus he went on hoping against hope—now in the depths of despair, now on the summit of bliss, following this *ignis fatuus* which daily led him more astray.

Though under this pernicious influence, Weber managed to advance the preparations for the opening of the season, which took place September 9th, with an admirable performance of *Cortez*. This was succeeded by a series of lyric masterpieces of all schools, though the indefatigable director was obliged to yield in many instances to the by no means refined taste of the local public by the production of inferior works.

The composer of *Sylvana* had not forgotten the charming representative of the heroine of that opera at its first performance in Frankfort. Since that period Caroline Brandt had been heard at several of the leading theatres of Germany, and always with increasing success. He

therefore found no difficulty in obtaining the sanction of the manager for an engagement at the Prague opera. On her arrival in that town, December 11th, she was introduced by Weber to Liebich and the influential patrons of the establishment, and at once created a most favourable impression.

1814. This was confirmed on her *début* on January 1st, 1814, in Nicolo Isouard's opera, *Aschenbrödel* (Cinderella). Her prepossessing appearance, her unaffected but highly artistic acting, and above all her style of singing, with a well-cultivated though not strong voice, won all hearts, and she at once became a favourite of the public. Weber was naturally influenced by the charm of his own *protégée;* but very soon the qualities of her character, her spotless reputation, her retired life with her mother, her refusal of the homage of the noble and fashionable frequenters of the theatre, her always cheerful but modest countenance, combined with rare intellectual powers which only wanted an opportunity to be fully developed, produced a singular revolution in his heart. The contrast between the designing heartless Thérèse and the simple innocent Caroline was too striking to pass unobserved. Still he could not sever yet the tie by which he was held fast. By an accident at the theatre, where she hurt her foot, Caroline Brandt had to give up singing for some weeks. The anxious Capellmeister, who constantly inquired after his favourite artist, was at last admitted to her quiet home. Here he had occasion to observe and to admire the touching attachment of mother and daughter, and to compare it with the state of things at

his Armida's residence. The change gradually coming over him did not escape the experienced eye of Mme. Brunetti, who tormented him with reproaches on account of his inconstancy. Persuading himself that he loved her still, he clung to her against his better judgment, and on the 19th of February we find in his note-book, "Without her no joy; with her only sorrow!" On her birthday he sent her a beautiful gold watch, with a set of charms symbolical of his affection for her; at the same time being invited to dine with her, he prepared her a treat in the shape of a dish of oysters—an uncommon and most costly delicacy in Prague at that time. She hardly noticed the watch, still less the accompanying ornaments, but disgusted him above all by the avidity with which she devoured the oysters. This was not enough: a Mr. Calina, a rich proprietor, had long been considered her favourite lover. In the coolest manner she told the astonished and indignant Weber that Calina having offered her and her husband a home at his own house at the lowest terms, she had consented to his proposal. The worst was yet to come. An opulent banker, Mr. Kleinwächter, who had his *entrée* on the stage, being conspicuous by his attentions to Caroline Brandt, the perfidious Brunetti advised her to encourage his advances, telling her, "Keep him fast; it is worth your while,—he has plenty of money." The illusion was now dispelled. Fortunately for him, his growing affection for Caroline was reciprocated by her; and after the performance of *Don Giovanni*, when she won a triumph as Zerlina on his benefit night, he was accepted as her affianced lover.

In adddition to his other troubles he had received, in May of this year, the news of the death of his well-cherished master, the Abbé Vogler, on the 6th of that month. "Peace be to his ashes! I have much to thank him for, and he has always shown me the most sincere affection;" thus he writes in his diary of May 8th. The unexampled struggle of the year had, however, shattered his always precarious health, and, availing himself of his annual leave of absence, in the month of July he went to the bath of Liebwerda for a cure; hence he again visited Berlin. Here, where he gave a concert and re-studied and reproduced his opera *Sylvana*, he received a most hearty welcome, and added to his old friends new ones; amongst others, eminent men, such as Ludwig Tieck, and above all the Count Carl von Brühl. This nobleman was soon afterwards appointed General-Intendant of the Court Theatre, Berlin, and as such was the most faithful protector of the master, whose greatest artistic conceptions were put on the stage under his auspices.

Great changes had taken place since Weber's last visit to the Prussian capital: the battle of Leipsic had been fought (Oct. 18th, 1813); the French invader driven over the Rhine; France itself conquered by the allied powers after the most stubborn resistance; Paris taken (March 30th, 1814); the mighty Napoleon, from an empire larger than that of Augustus, exiled to a puny island, Elba; Louis XVIII. reigning as king in France, a congress in Vienna, where all the nations of Europe were represented, regulating its destinies. The waves of patriotism ran high; nothing was thought of

but war-songs, war-pictures, extolling the great deeds of the German nation, and its fallen heroes; amongst the latter, Theodor Körner, the author of *Lyre and Sword,* and justly named the German Tyrtæus, stood foremost. Many were the attempts of musicians to blend the inspirations of the soldier-poet with their own strains, but none had hitherto touched the popular chord. With the earnestness and fixity of purpose which always distinguished the author of *Der Freischütz,* he read these noble lines till they became almost his own, and gradually fitted themselves to those melodies which were so soon to raise him to the very pinnacle of fame. As a natural consequence, also, of the times, the national legends became the favourite subjects of the most eminent literary men of the Fatherland, and strange enough, but for unavoidable circumstances, Weber would doubtless have chosen the subject of *Tannhäuser* for his next opera. It was offered to him by Clemens Brentano, approved by Tieck, and the libretto partly written, when his official duties interfered with the carrying out of a project destined to be realized thirty years later by Richard Wagner.

On his journey back to Prague, where he was not only anxiously expected by Liebich, his *impresario,* then in trouble, but where his own heart prompted him to hasten, and after a flying visit to Leipsic and Weimar, he found at Gotha a pressing invitation of his warm friend and admirer, the Duke Emil August, to an old feudal castle of his—Gräfen-Tonna. He accepted; and the following letter to his beloved Lina gives a graphic description of his mode of life there, and of his feelings:—

"—— The very old castle in which I dwell, and in whose gloom-inspiring chamber, accompanied by the rattling of windows and doors, I write these lines, operates on my mind most soothingly with its quiet stillness, and affords me, in the genial intercourse of the duke, a very desirable rest, which would enable me to work and to accomplish a great deal if I could remain long enough, and if certain other feelings did not carry me far away, and with pleasant indiscretion intermix themselves with my every thought and action. But I tattle to no purpose and Mukkerl [1] does not even know where good honest old Tonna is hidden," &c. "I drove here with the kind of anxious feeling I always entertain when I have not seen a friend for some time, and fear to be received with less warmth than I anticipated or consider myself entitled to. My fears, however, were this time groundless, for the duke welcomed me as cordially as one could wish. Directly after dinner I accompanied him to Langensalze, where we visited a museum of natural history, and took tea with a Herr von Seebach. On the 13th I composed two new songs, put my papers in order, and spent the whole day, from eleven o'clock in the morning till eleven o'clock at night, with the duke, where naturally throat and fingers were brought into requisition," &c.

The two songs alluded to were two of the finest German national melodies ever written, Lutzow's *Wild Hunt* and the *Sword Song*. In another letter he writes :—

"The duke will not hear of my immediate departure, and I am therefore not able to say anything decisive on the subject. The kindness and affection of the duke are really extraordinary, and whilst admiring his brilliant and sparkling humour I am even more attracted by the

[1] Name of endearment given by Weber to Caroline.

goodness of his heart, which but too often is misunderstood because he certainly sometimes castigates rather severely with his biting wit the follies of others. There are very few who would find themselves satisfied in the midst of this solitude in which the duke rejoices so much. Here, far removed from the turmoil of the court, he is surrounded only by those he really likes. Generally he is content everywhere with his boundlessly fertile imagination. What he most delights in is to sit near me at the piano, to dictate as it were sentiments and images which I have to embody in my performances, so that he invents and relates whole romances while I illustrate them by music and, through tones, amplify them still further. So passes day after day, and I may rely on returning to my room every evening enriched by some new idea or impression."

At last Weber yielded to the entreaties of Liebich, shortening his leave of absence, tearing himself away from his kind patron, and reaching Prague on the 25th September. He composed on the road, as it was his wont to do, a third masterly patriotic song, *Men and Boys* from *Lyre and Sword.* This was another instance of the marvellous faculty Weber possessed, whilst walking or travelling, to construct mentally entire pieces which, already completed by his fertile mind, wanted only to be transferred to paper without the slightest alteration. The remainder of the matchless songs from *Lyre and Sword,* which raised at once his popularity to an almost unprecedented degree, wherever the German tongue was spoken, and wherever a German heart beat, were, it may be asserted, all created at the same time and in the same manner. Returned to his round of occupation, he began to feel more and more his isolated position,

aggravated by the doubts and hesitations of his beloved, who, probably instigated by her worthless rival, Thérèse Brunetti, tormented him with ironical allusions and insinuations. Notwithstanding all this, he set to work for the art establishment confided to him. The execution of *Fidelio* especially gives us a striking proof of his energy. Although fourteen most laborious rehearsals were devoted to the study of this masterpiece, and its performance was nearly faultless, it met with a cold reception from the public. Weber, who had been in active correspondence with Beethoven, and who was most anxious to pay a tribute of admiration to the immortal master, wanted thus to atone for a very foolish squib written under the influence of Vogler some years before, and ridiculing one of Beethoven's symphonies. It was a lamentable omission on his part not to seek the personal acquaintance, when at Vienna, of one who opened such new and imperishable vistas to the musical world in his symphonic poems, which singularly enough Carl Maria did not appreciate as highly as the pianoforte works, though, in after life, he never ceased repenting his unwarranted youthful presumption. How differently he judged, even at this time, of Beethoven is expressed in a letter to Gänsbacher, where he says—"I brought out, on the 26th, Beethoven's *Fidelio*, which went splendidly. The music is indeed replete with magnificent things, but they don't understand it: it is enough to make one frantic. Punch and Judy would suit them better——"

1815. His unremitting attentions to Lina brought the lovers very nearly to a scrape. To ensure a good

receipt for the songstress's benefit the young Capellmeister in a rash moment announced that he himself would sell the tickets at the box-office of the theatre: hence a great pecuniary result, but also an endless gossip of scandal and injurious aspersions against the eminent composer and the favourite *prima donna*. These so much increased that, to put an end to all, Weber urged an immediate marriage, but on condition that his future wife should give up the stage for ever. This both mother and daughter, accustomed to the applause of the public, and thinking that it would be premature to cut short so promising a future, opposed. Partly on account of this refusal, partly on account of the admiration felt by Caroline Brandt for Napoleon and her aversion to Weber's national inspirations, he at last resolved to end these ceaseless bickerings by taking a three months' leave, which idea she readily fell in with. He went to Munich on June 8th, and there, after the news of the great victory of Waterloo, 18th June, 1815, he conceived and matured the idea of his celebrated cantata *Kampf und Sieg*. In the meanwhile, though he had received an unexpected terrible blow by a letter from Caroline Brandt in which she declared that their projected union was impossible, and virtually dissolved the engagement, his feelings remained the same, and he went back to Prague with a broken heart. Fortunately he met there his old co-disciple Gänsbacher, in whose friendship he found some consolation for what he considered his irretrievable loss. Devoting himself exclusively to composition and to his duties at the opera, he studiously avoided her whom he thought he should never call his

own. The fates, however, were not so unkind ; for once his "evil star" was eclipsed. The estranged lovers at last met at a great reception in Liebich's house, and the flame of Caroline's affection, temporarily stifled by the calumnies and slanders of Weber's enemies, burst out afresh, never to be extinguished. Weber, consoled and happy, returned with activity to his official duties and produced, after the most careful preparation, his friend Meyerbeer's third opera, *Alimelek*, or the *Two Caliphs*, which, though favourably received at Stuttgart at its first performance, failed to please at Berlin and Vienna. The following extract from Weber's notice of the work in the leading Prague newspaper will show the high esteem in which he held the composer :—

"Oftentimes convinced by my journey abroad, whilst on leave this year, that mention is seldom, nay scarcely ever, made of our city and of the works of art produced and represented in it, and not having heard in my literary retreat here, and indeed not believing, that in a few months any improvement has taken place in this sad state of affairs, I take up my pen to bring under the notice of the readers of your valuable paper an excellent original German production, and to inform them of the reception and appreciation it has met with.

"I feel doubly impelled to do so because our enthusiasm, in spite of our boasted Germanism and of our desire to avoid all kinds of prejudice, is too apt to worship works of foreign origin, whilst our own it pulls to pieces, carps at, picks holes in, and twists about, till, depreciated and disfigured, they disgust the hearer, and are reserved for the admiration of posterity.

"Herr Meyerbeer has as yet achieved a reputation principally as a great pianist, because this is a thing which speaks for itself absolutely and at once, carrying away the feelings, and has obtained, by force, the applause of every lover of music before he has had time to ask the opinion of others, whether they be opinionated, half-instructed judges or the most envious of scientific connoisseurs.

"With respect to his merits as a composer, however, he has fared much worse. In most of the places where he proved his genius by the production of his greater works, they have been passed over in silence; and so it happens that neither his great opera, *Jephtha* (given in Munich), his *Wirth und Gast* (in Stuttgart), his oratorio, *Gott und Natur*, &c., not even the enthusiastic plaudits which his playing in Munich and elsewhere wrung from the popular voice, have been mentioned, except with expressions ambiguous at most, and intended to render them insignificant. Indeed it is very sad that the good results of the satisfaction and delight of the public, which the artist must buy with his very heart's blood, are in the hands and at the caprice of individuals whom chance, love of scribbling, or the pleasure of seeing themselves in print, perhaps even hunger, may have made the heralds and exponents of public opinion.

"It would be very well if this reporting and criticism arose from pure and proper conviction; but how often do we find it twisted, favourably or otherwise, by the meanest trifles. Experience could muster many sad examples of the unhappy result of a neglected call or an omitted invitation. But enough of this. Let us return to the cause of this digression, viz., the opera of *Alimelek*.

"The subject is taken from a story in the *Arabian Nights*, and treated with extraordinary wit and humour. On this account we must especially congratulate the

composer on having had such an author as Herr Wohlbrück to work with. Where the author writes with so much theatrical knowledge, with such power of delineating character, and produces verses so suggestive of melody, the composer must needs be carried away with glowing animation; and this is eminently shown in this case. The unity and harmony of the whole opera give it an advantage such as few works of the kind possess; and together with these we have proofs of an earnest study of the science, an exquisite combination of independent melodies in which each character is separately developed, an absence of prolixity, a strict adherence to dramatic truthfulness, and abundance of lively, sparkling fancy, of charming, even voluptuous melodies, correctness of declamation, rich and novel turns of harmony, combined with an instrumentation careful throughout and full of startling combinations. Such is the opera, and it would be easy for me to offer proofs of all I have remarked, had not experience taught me that such single sentences and passages, when detached, cease to be what they can only represent when taken together, and therefore seldom produce a convincing effect.

"Just one year ago (October 20th, 1814) this opera was produced at the *Kärnthner Thor* Theatre in Vienna, and fell through owing to a number of circumstances, of which I need only mention a few to account for its failure in spite of its many good points. . . . Here the opera had to struggle against double difficulties; in the first place the unfavourable opinion wafted over from Vienna, and again the Sunday audience, which is never of so quiet and discriminating a character as that which generally fills the theatre throughout the week. But then, on the other hand, we had Herr Ehler and a *prima donna* such as Madame Grünbaum, and on all sides a pure love of the thing itself. On the first night the approbation was not unanimous. So much

the more decided was the triumph of this exquisite work on its second representation (October 24th), when nearly every piece was well received, and many enthusiastically; and at the third representation, on the 30th, the overflowing house and the repeated applause proved that in Prague a good thing is still appreciated, and that the judgment of a rash public is always just.

"The pianoforte abridgment, which will probably appear shortly, will undoubtedly be gladly placed upon every piano, and I shall have attained my object if by these remarks I have called the attention of lovers of music to the birth of a new enjoyment."

Weber now devoted all his time to the completion of his great cantata, *Kampf und Sieg*, and at last had a concert for his benefit, December 22nd. Unfortunately, it being so near Christmas, the attendance was anything but numerous; but the artistic result was a glorious triumph, and even the receipts, 10,000 florins Viennese (400*l.*), were more than could be anticipated. On that occasion he received a touching proof of the love and esteem of all the artists and of the most distinguished amateurs of Prague, who volunteered their services and contributed successfully to an almost matchless performance.

1816. This ought perhaps to have reconciled him to the many annoyances inseparable from his Prague conductorship; but he had resolved to make either another long professional tour or to seek a position more worthy of his fame, and this determination was confirmed by a most one-sided and aggressive report sent to Liebich by the new president of the theatre

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committee. It was stated therein that ever since 1812 the company and the performances had deteriorated materially, and that no novelty of importance had been introduced into the *repertoire*. The truth is, that during a period of three and a half years, of which more than ten months must be deducted for vacations, Weber had produced thirty-one entirely new operas, and put on the stage altogether sixty-one works, never using his influence for the furtherance of his own compositions, of which not one was given. Moreover, his health had been for ever impaired by his ceaseless exertions; and so, in a most dignified letter he sent in his resignation.

Weber being aware that the place of second Capellmeister in Berlin was now vacant, he offered to give his new cantata there on the anniversary of the battle of Waterloo, for the benefit of the wounded. This was accepted through the mediation of his friend, Count Brühl. The enthusiasm of Prague being greatly exceeded by that of the Prussian capital, the king desired a second performance.

The "evil star" under whose influence Weber's similar undertakings had suffered before prevailed again. A violent thunderstorm reduced the attendance at the first performance to half the number expected, and the announcement of the celebrated Catalani's approaching arrival for the purpose of giving a concert, with the then unheard-of price of one pound for a ticket, had the same effect on the second performance. With regard to his public reception, however, and his unprecedented popularity, the young composer had every

reason to be satisfied; and, what still more enhanced his happiness, he procured a starring engagement of six representations at the Opera House for his beloved Lina, to whom he was formally betrothed on November 19th of that year. On the way to Berlin he had been summoned to Pillnitz, the country palace of the King of Saxony, to receive from Count Vitzthum of Eckstädt, the King's equerry, a valuable token on behalf of his sovereign, in acknowledgment of a copy of *Kampf und Sieg* presented by the composer.

There can be little doubt that in consequence of what passed on this occasion Weber was induced on his journey to make a slight *détour* and spend a few days in Carlsbad, where Court-Marshal Count Heinrich Vitzthum, brother of the equerry, was then staying. Being the director of the Royal Theatre at Dresden, this distinguished nobleman had conceived the idea of establishing there a German opera on a large scale, where hitherto only Italian operas had been given. After a strong opposition on the part of the King of Saxony, this project was at last realised, and, on the urgent recommendation of Count Vitzthum, the post of Capellmeister was offered to and accepted by Weber. The evil spell pursuing him seemed at last to be broken, and a vista of glory and undisturbed happiness to open for him.

1817. Having freed his mind from an unworthy passion, and being on the point of taking to his heart and home one who was possessed of all the qualities calculated to make him happy, he undertook his new office under the most favourable auspices, January

13th, 1817. But alas, for the vanity of human expectations! King Friedrich August, owing his passing grandeur exclusively to Napoleon,—who, in order to complete the humiliation of his antagonist, the King of Prussia, had severed some of his finest provinces, adding them to the puny Electorate of Saxony,—had become the most devoted ally and friend of the French Emperor. After the battle of Leipsic, and at the Congress of Vienna, these provinces were not only restored to their former owner, but the best part of Saxony was torn away from its rightful possessor and given as compensation to the King of Prussia. The old Saxon monarch, after a time of captivity in his rival's dominions, was at last allowed to return to Dresden; but the hatred he bore to his spoliator did not cease until his death. Whilst compelled to chime in with the other small German potentates in the chorus of exultation prevailing in the fatherland, he abhorred all patriotic utterances alluding to the struggle between Germany and France, and more especially all poems, songs, &c., which spoke of the defeat of the French and the victories of the Germans. A powerful enemy of the luckless Capellmeister, Count Einsiedel, who at his first interview with Weber had conceived an almost invincible antipathy for him, was prime minister and an intimate friend of the king. He took good care to keep his majesty informed of Weber's crime consisting in the composition of those truly Germanic effusions called *Lyre and Sword*, and thus to instil in the royal heart a dislike which after his previous flattering reception seemed perfectly unaccountable to Weber. At the beginning of his arduous

task of establishing a national German opera, everything seemed to go on smoothly. The artists of the Italian Company, including the *prima donna*, Madame Sandrini, the tenors and baritones Benelli, Tibaldi, Benincasa, Sassaroli, Zezi, the leader of the orchestra Polledro, and later Antonio Rolla, showed him every mark of deference and esteem. Unfortunately the good understanding which first subsisted between him and his colleague of the Italian Opera was not of long duration. This was Francesco Morlacchi, an able composer and conductor, a thorough man of the world and courtier, an ardent admirer of Napoleon, and the favourite both of king and minister. As in all small German towns, there was a great deal of idle gossip in the various branches of society; nor were the artists of the theatre exempt. To gain the favour of either of the conductors the orchestra was divided into opposite camps, and mischievous medd'ers went, now to Weber, now to Morlacchi, inventing every kind of sneering remark which they asserted having heard from the partisans of the other, and thus fanned a flame of discord which very soon assumed such proportions as to render it unextinguishable.

The king, who detested any innovation, had yielded reluctantly to the representations made on all sides that in regenerating Germany a German opera was requisite, Italian music only being recognised by the crowned heads of that period. The anticipations of the court of Dresden pointed to the approaching failure and discomfiture of the barbarian invaders on the hallowed ground of the refined Southern Warblers.

Meanwhile quietly, industriously, and perseveringly, the rehearsals had proceeded. Artists well known to Weber, not so much by superiority of style, or even finish in singing, as by their zeal and attention, had been procured at a comparatively small cost. With these and the elements already existing an efficient company was formed, who, being under the daily control and supervision of the indefatigable musical director, soon emerged from a state of mediocrity and attained a degree of excellence perfectly surprising. The orchestra and chorus possessed musicians of ability and talent, but by the rather lax supervision of their former conductor, and by the partly inferior and always easy style of the operas produced, which hardly implied the necessity for laborious rehearsals, they had lost all energy, and went through their dreary task almost like automata. They soon found out the difference when the fiery young commander assumed the *bâton:* in lieu of anarchy the most perfect order reigned, not a whisper, not a remark, was heard. Respected and feared at first, beloved and almost worshipped afterwards, Weber exerted a magic influence on all his subordinates. The decisive trial at last arrived, after only seventeen days of preparation. The opera chosen for the opening night (January 30th) was one almost unknown to the Dresden public—Méhul's *Joseph in Egypt.* Weber, to pave the way for this fine work, had written an extensive analysis of the plot, of the characteristics of the music, of the intentions of the composer, and of the masterly way in which they were carried out. The astonishment of the old king and of his followers was great; such light and shade,

such completeness in musical and scenic arrangements, such earnestness, from the *prima donna* to the last chorus singer, in brief, such a glorious representation, had never been heard before. The applause equalled the surprise of the delighted public, and, very much against his inclination, his majesty was obliged to acknowledge the successful endeavours of the new reformer. Naturally enough the opposition, which had so confidently prognosticated the utter *fiasco* of this attempt, felt exasperated at the unexpected result, and no means, foul or fair, were spared to paralyse and thwart the efforts of Weber, who, regardless of back-stairs influence, base insinuations and treacherous advices, pursued with ever-increased activity the object he had in view. In the struggle to re-establish art in its highest sense, he had to contend not only with his enemies, but even with his best friends the singers, who, trying to imitate the *ad captandum* style of their ultramontane rivals, had been in the habit of altering and changing the music of even the most renowned composers, thus pandering to the vitiated taste of the public. This was, in Weber's opinion, an unpardonable offence. Genast, a young bass, and generally a conscientious singer, allowed himself a *cadenza* in the duet between Jacob and Benjamin (soprano) which jarred terribly with the severe simplicity of the composition. Weber gave him one of his withering glances, which so upset the young culprit that, to avoid the censure of the *maestro*, he tried to escape from the theatre in his costume, and only with a cloak thrown over it. But Weber was too quick: he pounced upon Genast and exclaimed, "What was that stupid trick you played?

Do you not think that if Méhul had wanted any such krinkum krankum he would not have done it better than you? I protest against it for the future. Good night: go and sleep off your drunken freaks." The limited accommodation of the Dresden theatre, which held only about six hundred spectators, prevented Weber from presenting to the public the grand operas requiring large masses on the stage and an extensive orchestra. He was therefore confined to the lighter dramatic compositions of the French and German school. His great predilection for Cherubini, Boieldieu, and Méhul made him choose such works as *Lodoiska*, *Les Deux Journées Jean de Paris*, *Hélène*, whilst he did not neglect his own fellow-countrymen, Fischer, Himmel, Weigl, of course never forgetting his idol, Mozart. The same neatness of execution, the same care in all the minutest details, characterised every successive performance; and the result was an ever increasing interest on the part of the public, which crowded the theatre on the nights of the German Opera.

An oratorio, *Isaaco*, composed by Morlacchi, gave him an opportunity to show how far his noble mind soared above paltry jealousy. He wrote a most flattering account of the work, hiding with the hand of a friend its defects, making the most of its qualities, and publishing this analysis as a tribute of friendship to the man whose aim of late had been to undermine his position. *Isaaco* was, however, shelved after its first performance, and has never since been revived.

Weber's charming manners and his increasing reputation gained him a number of friends in Dresden. He

renewed his old acquaintance with Ludwig Tieck; and it is very much to be regretted that he did not apply to the author of *Phantasus* and commentator of Shakspeare in preference to his later collaborators, Helmina von Chezy and Theodor Hell, for the subject of an opera. Weber was also received with the utmost cordiality in the house of Graf Nostitz, who, under the pseudonym of Arthur von Nordstern, occupied a prominent literary position. He belonged likewise to a kind of social gathering (called the Poets' Tea) at the house of a middle-aged blue-stocking, with the significant name, Fräulein Therese aus dem Winkel (Theresa out of the Corner). It was out of that corner that all the venom which so much embittered Weber's after-life was poured, though at first he was received at these meetings with the most exaggerated expressions of adoration. Maybe that, not being struck either by the indifferent harp-playing of the hostess or by her poetical attempts, he offended her pride. Anyhow, when first introduced he found there a *réunion* of men of mark in literature and art; amongst others, Böttiger, the celebrated archæologist, and Friedrich Kind. The latter had acquired some popularity as a novel-writer and as author of a play, *Vandyke's Country Life*, which had been received with much favour. Though self-conceited and of a bad temper, Kind, by his great experience in theatrical matters, attracted Weber's attention, and thus the idea took root in his mind to select him for the librettist of his next opera. Various subjects were discussed, and at last, by a singular chance, Weber discovered again the book, *Gespenster Geschichten*, by Apel, containing the

legend of Der Freischütz, which already, seven years before had made such an impression upon himself and his friend Dusch. Kind was equally struck by the highly dramatic elements it contained. In less than a week from the 19th of February the first act, and by the 1st of March the complete libretto, were in Weber's hands.

The creative power of the young composer had been but slightly taxed during his busy time at the theatre, and it was only on the 23rd of February, when he read the first act, that, as it were, a spring of melody bubbled up in him. It seems strange that not till July 2nd do we find the remark in Weber's diary, "The first note of the *Jägersbraut* has been written to-day," but this is explained by the fact that he never wrote down his compositions before having made them clear and almost stereotyped in his mind. The original plan was afterwards (often after a considerable length of time) followed by the complete creation.

One of the chief interruptions to his continuing his new opera was the leave of absence of eight months granted to his colleague, Morlacchi. This, in addition to his official duties as conductor of the German opera and the service twice on Sunday in the Roman Catholic Court Chapel, thrust upon him the direction of the Italian operas, of the table music at Pillnitz, besides the undertaking of special compositions on a large scale for birthdays or wedding-days of the royal family. But other worries troubled him. Wishing to prepare a suitable home for his young

bride, with workmen in the house from morning to night, he had hardly a room to himself to attend to his manifold duties, and became well-nigh crazy. His marriage had been fixed for November 4th, 1817, and he actually had to finish a cantata, *L'Accolienza*, in celebration of a royal wedding which came off only a few days before his own. But at last the long sighed-for event took place without any further obstacle, and on December 20th the young couple took up their abode in Dresden.

1818. The king, being forced to acknowledge the unremitting zeal of his new Capellmeister, and having consented to the absence of Morlacchi, was actually compelled to confirm Weber's engagement for life, lest the whole operatic edifice should crumble into dust. This was a welcome wedding-gift, and considered as of good augury by Weber and his bride. It enabled her to comply with her husband's earnest wish, that she should leave the stage for ever, though then in the prime of her youth and talent. His beloved Carolina contrived to make him a home which offered him every happiness: all his outside cares and worries were forgotten there. Besides her sweet disposition and cheerfulness, her acquaintance with the stage, her talent as a vocalist, and her sound judgment in musical matters were of inestimable value to Weber. He wrote to her thus, a few months before their marriage, "If women thrive as well in this most prosperous year, as wine seems to do, I shall often call out, in sipping a glass of the 1817 vintage, 'That was the good year when my wife ripened for me'; therefore, remember,

be matured by the sun of truth and knowledge, be refreshed by the dew of love and patience, so that our marriage may be blessed with the bright clear wine of life, to renew, to strengthen, and to bless us." His expectations were more than fulfilled. The pair soon became the great favourites of Dresden society, their simple, graceful, and unaffected manners winning all hearts, while their artistic accomplishments enhanced the pleasure of their company.

In the year 1818, the composition of *Der Freischütz* was interrupted altogether, with the exception of a few days in April. In the beginning of the year, Weber wrote his first Mass in E flat, which was followed by a quantity of new inspirations; amongst others, the Jubilee Cantata and Overture, both written for the golden wedding of the king, the shorter cantata, *Natur und Liebe* for another court festivity, an air introduced in Cherubini's *Lodoiska*, for Madame Milder, in Berlin, the incidental music to Gehe's *Henry IV.*, and Grillparzer's *Sappho*, &c.

He found a pleasant summer residence at Hosterwitz, near Pillnitz, in a simple farm-house beautifully situated on a mountain slope, and which has since been endowed with a gilt bronze plate commemorating the great master's stay there. Here he might have enjoyed undisturbed repose, and devoted himself exclusively to his art, but for his constant tribulations occasioned by Court intrigues and hostile cliques.

Not a day passed without his receiving either written communications, sometimes anonymous, or visitors from town, who annoyed him with all the idle stories and

slander prevailing in the Saxon capital. The hostile feeling already previously existing had gradually increased to an unprecedented degree and was now at its height, destroying all hope of reconciliation.

Morlacchi, who had returned from his leave of absence, found fault with everything Weber had done in the altered disposition of the orchestra and in the new engagements of choristers. Add to this the waning influence of Count Vitzthum, always Weber's warm friend, and the unforgiving hatred of Count Einsiedel, then more powerful than ever, and it is not to be wondered at that these constant attacks and mosquito-bites exerted a fatal influence on Weber's delicate constitution, and hastened the development of the dreadful disease to which he fell a victim.

His first child had been born December 22nd, 1818 and he solicited the honour of having the king and queen as sponsors to the little girl. He of course did not expect that their majesties would be present on the occasion; but as a nobleman of ancient birth he had the right to anticipate that proxies equal to his rank, viz., a chamberlain and a lady of honour, would be sent. Count Palffy, the Austrian ambassador, Herr von Jordan, the Prussian minister, Count Glucksburg, the Bavarian *envoyé*, and several other distinguished members of the aristocracy and the literary and musical world, were but too happy to be present on the occasion. Conceive the mortification of poor Weber, and the surprise of his guests, when Schmiedel, the king's valet, and one of the queen's *femmes de chambre* were announced as the representatives of royalty. He knew but too well

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whence the blow came, and it is to be hoped that at all events the king was not a party to this premeditated insult.

Weber's wife, who tried to keep up his spirits and to cheer him, was deeply affected, having to lament the death of her father about the same time; and there is little doubt that her own illness and the premature death of the infant may be traced to this incident.

1819. Stung to the quick, but mournfully resigned to his fate, Weber resumed his work, and finished his second great Mass in G, called the Jubilee Mass, to be performed at the Roman Catholic Church on the 17th February, 1819. It was of a lighter and much more cheerful character than the first, and, having the excellent quartett of Sassaroli, Buccolini, Benelli, and Beninicasa, he could well prognosticate a decided success with the court and the public. But here again he was doomed to disappointment. By royal order, Polledro and Morlacchi were commissioned to write – the first the Symphony, the other the Offertorium; these portions of the mass composed by Weber being set aside, and the work thus completely mutilated.

But a yet greater humiliation awaited him. Morlacchi had brought with him from Milan a young tenor, Giovanni Cantù, one of the handsomest young men possible to imagine, and with a voice equal, if not superior, to Mario's. Nothing was spoken of in society at Dresden, but the *début* of this artist; not a note of Weber's music could be heard amid the general hum of the not over-religious congregation, impatient for the

appearance of their idol; and only when the Offertorium began there was a sudden hush, and general attention was riveted on the marvellous tenor, whose triumph in a worthless trumpery air totally eclipsed the poor German composer.

These few instances may suffice to give an idea of Weber's position. After a severe illness, which confined him to his bed for a month, and a long tedious convalescence, Weber at last regained, if not his health, at least his spirits, and in one of his happiest moments penned that ever-green *Invitation à la Valse*, dedicated to his Carolina, which to this day forms the delight of artists and amateurs. Under the influence of his guardian angel, he wrote also some other of his most popular pianoforte pieces, amongst them the charming duets and the Rondo in E flat, and progressed most rapidly with the composition of his *opus magnum*.

The animosity of the court, which led to so many humiliations, seemed, at last, to yield to a recognition of the great services and exertions of Weber on behalf of all the musical establishments under his care. He received a positive command to compose a *Fest Oper* for the impending wedding of Prince Friedrich August, nephew of the king, with the Archduchess Maria of Austria. It is, however, more than probable that it was owing to the personal influence of this young prince, who, with his brother John,—both future kings of Saxony—was the staunchest and most constant friend of the ill-fated composer, that this result was obtained. The subject chosen, after some discussion, was a fairy

opera by Kind—*Alcindor*. Forgetting the injuries heaped upon his head, Weber, elated by this ray of favour, immediately concentrated all his energies on the new work, forming at once the outline of the first act, to be filled up afterwards with his richest colouring. But alas! again before two months had elapsed, the order was rescinded, and a cantata, composed by Morlacchi, substituted. Weber's heart was broken, but he bore this new blow with apparent indifference.

The information received from Berlin that there was almost a certainty of his opera, the *Hunter's Bride*, afterwards *Der Freischütz*, being performed at the new *Schauspielhaus*, then in course of building, brought him back to his favourite occupation.

Amongst the memorable events of 1819 was the first visit of the King of Prussia, after a lapse of four years, to the court of Saxony, then residing at Pillnitz. At the state dinner, given on that occasion, the so-called "table music" was conducted by Morlacchi, who, probably to make himself still more *persona grata* with the old king, introduced as a grim joke the overture of *La Gazza Ladra* (the Thievish Magpie) as first piece—a proceeding not exactly calculated to improve the already overstrained relations between the two sovereigns, but obtaining the desired result for the astute Italian.

More personally interesting to Weber was the arrival, during that year, of Heinrich Marschner and Louis Spohr.

One of the finest qualities in Weber's character was the great interest, free from all envious or jealous

feeling, he manifested for rising talent in the musical art. Of this he gave evident proofs in his reception of Marschner, who owed his introduction to the public of Dresden, and his first success, to the active intervention on his behalf of the great composer. Spohr, whose acquaintance Weber had already made at Gotha, and who was always received by the author of *Der Freischütz* with open arms, though he never did justice to Weber's genius, came to visit him in Dresden, and everything was done to further his views, and to spread his fame as the leading violinist of Germany. After a great soirèe given in Spohr's honour, to which Weber invited the élite of society, and at which the violinist's quartet in E minor was played, he wrote in his diary, "Spohr is certainly a great artist."

Towards the end of the year, the composition of the *Hunter's Bride* was so far advanced that Weber could announce to Count Brühl that it would positively be completed in March, 1820. The grand scena of Agatha "Leise leise," and the not less beautiful prayer, "Und ob die Wolke," were added to the musical gems of that wonderful creation. The composer, pleased, as well he might be, with what had already been done, regained his former elasticity of thought and spirit, looking with confidence and hope to the future. A fancy dress ball was arranged for new year's eve, and nothing could exceed the overflowing wit and humour of the droll verses he sent to many of his friends on this occasion. That night he wrote as follows in his diary, "Thus the year which has brought me so much sorrow concludes merrily. May God continue His

blessing. Thanks and praise to Him for strength to bear the trials He imposed."

1820. Rejoicing for the first time for many years on a marked improvement in his health, the inspired composer still increased, if possible, his almost feverish activity, and the year 1820 may be recorded as the culminating point of his musical career. Not only did he finish what will remain for ever the most national lyrical drama of the German stage, but in the short space of two months he followed up this great achievement with another production which, though cast in a different mould, revealed to the public treasures equal to those of *Der Freischütz*. His old Weimar friend, P. A. Wolff, the celebrated actor, had written a melodrama, *Preciosa*, the incidental music for which had been composed years before by Eberwein, Concertmeister at Weimar. This addition, being very tedious and uninteresting, was rejected by several theatres, and thus Count Brühl, who entertained a high opinion of the play, advised Wolff to confide it to Weber. His counsel, much for the benefit of music, was accepted by the author, and Weber, finding a complete contrast in the southern colouring of the plot with the rather sombre tints of the German legend, went to work with a will. The light sparkling overture (built chiefly upon a Spanish Bolero, the striking Gipsy March, and the fascinating melody allotted to Precosia in her ballet solo) formed a fit opening to this characteristic work.

All the choruses, No. 1, repeating the Bolero of the overture, the forest chorus, with its echo, the Gipsy March, embodied skilfully with the voices in the *finale*

of the first act, are as fresh as they are effective. The original treatment of the melodramatic music accompanying instead of interrupting the dialogue, the *airs de ballet* breathing as it were the perfume of orange blossoms, and last, though not least, the peerless song, "Einsam bin ich, nicht alleine," form a beautiful *ensemble*. It was most lucky for *Der Freischütz* that *Preciosa* was its precursor at the Berlin theatre. Nothing could dispose the public better for the popular favourite than a work so pregnant with unexpected effects, and so entirely different from the national strains of *Lyre and Sword*. Scarcely was this labour finished than he began a third of considerable dimensions—a comic opera in three acts, *The Three Pintos*, by Theodor Hell (Winkler), which, also founded on a Spanish subject, was distinguished by even greater freedom of treatment and variety of form and execution, than its predecessor.

If we add to all this his official duties, an endless correspondence with Berlin, and a reception of illustrious visitors, including John Nepomuk Hummel, and the son of Mozart, we may well be astonished at such power of mind in such a delicate frame.

Weber received the great pianist, Hummel, with even more than his wonted cordiality, and contributed chiefly by his influence to the great success of the concerts given by that eminent artist. The scores of *Der Freischütz*, now positively christened by that name and *Preciosa* had been sent to Berlin, where everything seemed to point to a triumph for the composer, when again the fatality he so often complained of made its

influence felt both in the Saxon and Prussian capitals. In Dresden, where, through his ceaseless exertions, was produced his friend Meyerbeer's first really successful Italian opera, *Emma di Resburgo,* he unfortunately raised a storm of indignation against himself. He published in the popular journal, *Die Abendzeitung,* an introductory and much too laudatory analysis of that work, in which an allusion to the generally inferior qualities of the modern Italian school was made an excuse by his enemies to renew their assertions that Weber had no other aim than to insult and endanger the very existence of genuine Italian music, "Fraülein out of the Corner" leading the van on this occasion.

In Berlin, where the general cry was for his appointment as Capellmeister, depending on the success of his new opera, which Count Brühl considered as certain, where his numberless friends had been moving heaven and earth to place him in a situation above the petty intrigues of a small court, the king, notwithstanding his undoubted patriotism, had selected another Italian, Le Chevalier Gaspar Spontini, author of *La Vestale* and *Fernand Cortez,* with an immense salary, to be director-general of all the music produced there.

Having lost his place at Paris, where he had been a protégé of the Imperial family, and with only a *succès d'estime* for his last work, *Olimpia,* at the *Académie Royale,* the ambitious and highly-talented composer accepted eagerly this newly created, honourable, and lucrative post. On his arrival he made sweeping reforms in every department of the Royal Theatre. Nothing was to stand in the way of the production of

Olimpia, which, by an unheard-of splendour of *mise en scène*, new gorgeous dresses, twenty trumpeters, and as many horses on the stage, besides all the leading talent of the great operatic establishment, was to eclipse everything seen before, and render nigh impossible any success after its production. And thus *Der Freischütz* was again postponed for nearly another year.

Its composer availed himself of this unexpected rest to undertake an artistic journey in company with his wife. This proved not only a series of ovations, but was also highly remunerative. The towns he visited were Halle, Quedlinburg, Göttingen, the town and court of Oldenburg, Bremen, Eutin, Ploen, Frederiksborg, Copenhagen, Lübeck, Hamburg, and Brunswick, and he returned from his journey on November the 3rd, not only in the highest spirits, but apparently in much better health. The company of his old friend Baermann, combined with the tender affection of his "Lina," who, when recognised, was cheered to the echo by the enthusiastic admirers of her husband's talent, contributed to make this trip in every way satisfactory.

When arrived at Dresden, the libretto of *Der Freischütz*, which had received already many corrections, was once more gone into, and some suggestions made by Frau von Weber carried out, notwithstanding the strenuous opposition of Kind, who maintained that the mysterious hermit, who appears at the end of the opera and saves Agatha and her lover from the fated bullet by his unexpected intervention, ought to have been introduced in the very first scene for the sake of dramatic unity.

Kind, being thwarted in his expectation that his original version would be restored, changed his manner from that moment, and would never forgive this interference with what he called the poet's rights.

1821. At the beginning of February, 1821, and on the special recommendation of his old friend, Herr von Gerstenberg, of Weimar, it was my happy lot to be accepted as Weber's pupil.

I shall never forget the impression of my first meeting with him. Ascending the by no means easy staircase which led to his modest home on the third story of a house in the old Market-place, I found him sitting at his desk, and occupied with the pianoforte arrangement of his *Freischütz*. The dire disease which but too soon was to carry him off had made its mark on his noble features; the projecting cheek-bones, the general emaciation, told their sad tale; but in his clear blue eyes, too often concealed by spectacles, in his mighty forehead, fringed by a few straggling locks, in the sweet expression of his mouth, in the very tone of his weak but melodious voice, there was a magic power which attracted irresistibly all who approached him. He received me with the utmost kindness, and, though overwhelmed with double duties during the temporary absence of Morlacchi, he found time to give me daily lessons for a considerable period.

I could not have arrived at a more propitious moment. The two works which were so soon to make the tour of the world were then closed letters to all except a privileged few. To hear them interpreted by the composer, who, with the mere shadow of a voice, knew how to give

so much variety of expression to his singing, and who imparted so much strength and delicacy combined to his accompaniments, was a treat, the recollection of which could not be effaced even by the fine performances, with all the scenic prestige, at Berlin and Dresden. His playing his own pianoforte music had also a peculiar fascination; but what impressed me even more was his rendering of Beethoven's sonatas, with a fire and precision and a thorough entering into the spirit of the composer which would have given the mighty Ludwig the best proof of Weber's reverence and admiration for his genius.

The few months preceding the master's departure for Berlin, where his opera was to be the first musical representation at the *Schauspielhaus*, rapidly passed away. Weber and his wife left on May the 2nd for the Prussian capital, where I soon afterwards followed them. All the town was then on the *qui vive* for the first production of Spontini's *Olimpia*, which took place at the Royal Opera House on May the 14th. Notwithstanding the large sums spent on it, the unquestionable merit of the music, and its faultless performance, the public, which filled the vast area during the twelve first nights, though generally interested and pleased, was never moved to enthusiasm. The press had lavished its praises on the composition, the king and the whole court had been present three times in succession, and such was the splendour and magnificence of the spectacle that Weber had every reason to fear the unavoidable comparisons which would be made between Spontini and himself.

That those fears were groundless a very few weeks sufficed to show. The *Schauspielhaus* had been opened on the 26th of May with Goethe's *Torquato Tasso*. On the 21st of that month Weber's rehearsals had begun. When I joined the great master on the 24th I found them in full swing, and they went on uninterruptedly till the first performance.

The personal supervision of the composer doubled the zeal and interest manifested by the artists engaged upon his work. Mme. Seidler (Agatha), with a lovely and highly cultivated soprano voice and a prepossessing figure, though not equalling her successor in the part, the celebrated Wilhemina Schroeder, gave an excellent reading of the music allotted to her; Mdlle. Johanna Eunicke was the well-chosen representative of Aennchen; Stümer (Max), though somewhat cold at first, warmed whilst progressing in the study of his part, where his lovely voice was heard to so much advantage; Blume (Caspar), an accomplished actor as well as vocalist, was unrivalled in his personification of the reckless character; the choruses vied with each other to do their best, and it was only by the strictest injunctions that they could be prevented from giving untimely publicity to the famous Hunting Chorus which was so soon to become the favourite melody of every social gathering in the world.

The decisive moment had at last arrived. The day chosen was the 18th of June, the anniversary of the battle of Waterloo. On the preceding morning the general rehearsal took place, and, though very long, had realised the most sanguine expectations. The composer

was received with acclamation by all the principals, chorus, and orchestra, who looked forward with the utmost confidence to the next day; but the accessories, machinery, &c., were still wofully deficient, principally in one of the most important scenes—the Wolf's Glen. The celebrated painter, Gropius, had furnished splendid decorations for the limited stage of the Berlin theatre. The main object in the construction of the new house, however, had been to establish a permanent home for the German drama and for light operas such as Boieldieu's *Jean de Paris*, *Le Petit Chaperon Rouge*, &c., and scanty accommodation was therefore given to the machinists for sensational effects.

Thus the gigantic owl, intended to flap its wings, and whose glowing eyes were supplied by two little oil lamps, met with an accident disabling one of the wings, *et ne battait que d'une aile*, whilst the threatening eyes of the night-bird resembled small street lanterns. The fiery carriage was so badly contrived that the fireworks never went off at all, and a common empty wheel, garnished with inoffensive crackers and rockets, ludicrously crossed the stage. The wild hunt, painted on canvas, could not be distinctly seen from the front; Caspar, in his eagerness, had given the cue, "Seven! the wild hunt: Zamiel, help!" too soon, thus destroying the effect of the infernal chorus, and upsetting all the arrangements of the stage-manager.

Several of Weber's staunchest friends ominously shook their heads, saying that the experiment of all those scenic clap-traps was dangerous, and would compromise

the success of the opera, as there was *seulement un pas du sublime au ridicule.* The rehearsal over, Weber's faithful wife went home with the most dismal forebodings; and the composer, snatching a hasty meal at the theatre, remained more than three hours to put things to rights with the machinist. On returning late at night he found his Lina in a state bordering on despair. Officious and insidious friends had told her that a regular cabal was organized by Spontini, whose *Olimpia* had not met with the anticipated enthusiastic reception, and who would now move heaven and earth against his rival.

Weber himself was calm and collected. He knew that he had done his best, and his soothing words, his wonderful cheerfulness on the eve of the most decisive day for his future prospects, did not fail to impress at last even his anxious wife.

The 18th of June dawned; it was a glorious summer morning, but somehow we all felt an unspeakable oppression. In a few hours the work of years (he had begun composing *Der Freischütz* during the month of July, 1817, and wrote the last bar of the overture on May 13th, 1820), the only hope after a long period of unrewarded toil would be judged, and perhaps condemned.

Weber alone did not share our apprehension. He devoted the few free hours of that morning to writing the last pages of another masterpiece. Entering the room where I was sitting with his wife, and placing himself at the piano, he unrolled to our enchanted ears a musical poem of which he gave us the following

outline :—"The lady sits in her tower: she gazes sadly into the distance. Her knight has been for years in the Holy Land: shall she ever see him again? Battles have been fought; but no news of him who is so dear to her. In vain have been all her prayers. A fearful vision rises to her mind;—her knight is lying on the battle-field, deserted and alone; his heart's blood is ebbing fast away. Could she but be by his side!—could she but die with him! She falls exhausted and senseless. But hark! what is that distant sound? What glimmers in the sunlight from the wood? What are those forms approaching? Knights and squires with the cross of the Crusades, banners waving, acclamations of the people; and there!—it is he! She sinks into his arms. Love is triumphant. Happiness without end. The very woods and waves sing the song of love; a thousand voices proclaim its victory."

This was the admirable *Concert-Stück* in F minor, which, interpreted by him as by nobody else, left an indelible remembrance. He was certainly one of the greatest pianists who ever lived.

He then dismissed us, that he might have a little nap after his frugal dinner. As early as four o'clock I joined the crowd besieging the theatre; and when, two hours later, the doors were opened, I was literally carried into the pit by that surging human wave. The sterner sex prevailed on that evening. Many iron crosses were to be seen, and the students of the University mustered in large numbers. Frau von Weber was in a pit box with William Beer (the brother of Meyerbeer) and his wife. E. T. Hoffmann (author

of the Fantasia-Stücke), Professor Lichtenstein, Wollank, Gubitz, Heinrich Heine, and a host of literary and musical aspirants, amongst them little Felix Mendelssohn, with his parents and friend Dr. Caspar, occupied boxes and stalls.

The musicians gradually took their places; the din and noise of the immense audience subsided; every look was directed to the orchestra, and, with the clock striking seven, the composer limped to his seat. Though small of stature, lame and ungainly, he had a great deal of dignity, and in that irregular face there was a mixture of intelligence, enthusiasm, and sensibility, which made you forget its shortcomings. The applause, on his entering the orchestra, was deafening, and lasted several minutes. The students greeted their favourite song-poet with cheers, for *Lützow's Wild Hunt* and the *Schwertlied* were graven on all their hearts; and there was on the part of the public in general a most genial disposition in favour of Weber.

Since Beethoven's *Fidelio*, only feeble unmeaning works had been produced in Germany, with the single exception of Spohr's *Faust*, and *Zemira and Azor*, which, though replete with beauties, never became really popular. The subject also of the new opera was well chosen and thoroughly German, and to hear a more perfect execution of the overture than on that memorable evening would be difficult.

Weber, though conducting with a very small *bâton*, and seemingly only indicating the change of time or the lights and shades of his noble composition, had nevertheless the most perfect control over the band.

The effect of his scoring, the contrasts between the calm of the introduction and the gloom and awe of the unearthly element which interrupt it, the fire of the allegro, the charm of that heavenly melody which once heard can never be forgotten, the irresistible climax at the end, found worthy interpreters in the Berlin orchestra; and to the breathless silence which prevailed during the performance a storm of applause, such as I never heard before, nor shall hear again, followed. In vain were the repeated bows of the hero of the evening and his endeavours to go on with the next piece. At last, though reluctantly, he yielded, and a second performance of the whole overture, if possible even better than the first, enhanced the impression.

The bold innovations of Weber in the construction of his last overtures, *Der Freischütz, Euryanthe,* and *Oberon,* have led to many interesting discussions. The generally adopted plan of the most celebrated composers, with regard to the instrumental introductions to their grandest works for the stage, had always been to prepare the minds of the audience, rather than to anticipate effects which belonged to the action of the musical drama, and arose from situations or incidents in the course of its development. With Gluck, Mozart, Cherubini, an overture was a complete piece of music in itself, quite independent and nearly in every instance without any direct reference to the lyrical drama it preceded. In his earlier works, *Sylvana, Peter Schmoll, Turandot, The Ruler of the Spirits,* &c., Weber had followed in the footsteps of his predecessors; but with the

Freischütz he began to tread an entirely new path. Employing the chief materials of his opera, moulding and knitting its various elements together, like the laborious and skilful workmen of Florence or Rome, he allowed the joints and rivets of this artful mosaic to be discernible only to the practised ear of the musician. His idea was to give a complete epitome, nay the very essence, of the opera to follow—before the rise of the curtain.

This system, according to the most competent critics, interfered materially with the perfect musical form of the overtures; but the effect produced was magical, and, deficient or faulty as they may be, they are received with even greater favour now than at their first appearance fifty years ago. It is unquestionable that for colouring, characteristic and poetical feeling, these orchestral preludes are unparalleled.

But to return to the Berlin performance. From the conclusion of the repeated overture to the termination of the opera the attention of the audience was riveted. The admirable arrangement of the libretto gave full scope to Weber's unrivalled *Wald-Musik*. After the poetic beginning of the second act—that fascinating duet between Agathe and Aennchen—the brilliant and lively polacca that follows, the inimitable "Softly sighs" by which it is succeeded, the dramatic trio, and the incantation scene, where owl, fiery car, wild hunt, and Blume (Caspar) did their duty, the applause was again overwhelming. Nor was there any falling off in the third act.

What we felt when, crowned with his well-earned

laurels, Weber entered the box cannot be described. To think that, within five short years after such a triumph, he should die of a broken heart in a foreign country!

The meeting at "*Jagors,*" *unter den Linden,* after the opera was most exciting. All the operatic artists engaged in the work were there, as well as the most eminent literary men and personal friends of the happy composer. E. T. Hoffmann crowned Weber with a wreath of laurels, and it was three in the morning before this interesting social gathering dispersed.

The profound and genuine enthusiasm of the public was not, however, shared by the press of the day. Zelter, in writing to Goethe, treated the subject with derision, and finished by saying that out of a *small* nothing the composer had created a *colossal* nothing. Tieck spoke of *Der Freischütz* as the most unmusical uproar ever heard upon the stage. Spohr wrote, "As I never had a great opinion of Weber's talent as a composer, I wanted to hear this opera to discover the secret of its wonderful success; but this riddle was by no means solved, and I can only explain it by the gift possessed by Weber to write for the general masses."

Weber resented the sting of those harsh and unjust criticisms very much. He had been working earnestly, honestly, for what he considered a real advance in art, and it was painful to him in the extreme to be so entirely misunderstood, chiefly by those on whose sympathy and encouragement he had reckoned most. He had observed in his long career as conductor that the form of operas sanctioned for so many years did

not entirely answer the requirements of the age. Each piece in the lyric drama belonging to the Italian *répertoire*, whether an aria, a duet, or a *morceau d'ensemble*, was complete in itself as a musical composition, and might be performed without scenic effects, and without the aid of the vocalists, choruses, &c. The result was that these elaborate pieces became cloying by their sameness,—nay, by their very finish and perfection. There was no attempt at individuality. Not so with Weber. His first aim was to endow each of his operatic works with a distinct colour of nationality. For instance, the contrast between the simple *Hunter's Bride*, with her surroundings, and *Euryanthe* with the stately French court, could not be more marked. But he was not satisfied with this general result; he made each character stand out in bold relief. With his memory the foundation of the romantic school will always be associated. Meyerbeer's *Robert le Diable* would not have been written but for *Der Freischütz*, and Richard Wagner's *Tannhaüser* and *Lohengrin* can be traced to *Euryanthe*. In his pianoforte sonatas Weber comes nearest to Beethoven; in his Masses he approaches Haydn; and his "Concert-Stück" is, as it were, a pioneer of Mendelssohn's concertos. He may also, with Schubert, be called the father of the German *Lied*; and thus in his short but glorious career, embracing almost every branch of music, he gave an impulse to his art, of which the beneficial consequences can never be overrated. It is, however, in the hearts of the people that he found his truest acknowledgment, and in them he will live for ever.

One would have thought that, after such ovations Weber's concert, announced for July 25th, would produce a corresponding satisfactory result. But it proved, notwithstanding powerful attractions, only an artistic triumph.

The concert giver had received so many flattering tokens of friendship and esteem from the highest musical authorities and from the most distinguished amateurs, at the head of whom were the Crown Prince, Prince Radzivil, Frau von Varnhagen, &c., that their presence on the occasion seemed almost a certainty. Added to this, the opening of a new concert-room might have awakened public curiosity. But somehow all the friends shone by their absence. No doubt the date fixed upon, being in the heat of the summer, was not well chosen; but a receipt of 115 thalers (about 17*l.* 10*s.*) is, notwithstanding, perfectly unaccountable. Weber played his new "Concert-Stück" to perfection. A ludicrous incident became a source of merriment to the few enthusiastic hearers assembled. Alexandre Boucher, a French violinist, celebrated even more for his likeness to the Emperor Napoleon than for his talents, played Weber's concertant variations on a Norwegian theme, with the composer. He had stipulated for a short cadenza for the violin previous to the conclusion of the piece, to which Weber good-naturedly consented; but his astonishment, as well as that of the audience, was boundless when the eccentric virtuoso, after various gambols, arpeggios, shakes, and mysterious chords, brought in a regular *pot-pourri* of motives of *Der Freischütz* dished-up *à la* Boucher. In vain the tortured

composer tried to cut short the fancy flights of his would-be interpreter; on he went, regardless of Carl Maria's supplicating glances, till at last, after an attempt to represent "The Wolf's Glen" on the fourth string, he laid down his violin, rushed to the piano, and clasping Weber in his arms, exclaimed, "*Ah! grand maître! que je t'aime! que je t'admire!*"

On the 30th Weber took his departure from Berlin, after the two happiest months of his life, never to be renewed or even approached.

On his return to Dresden, where his few intimate friends welcomed him with the deepest emotion, he could not but be struck by the total indifference of the court, his superiors, and even the public, on the subject of his success in Berlin. Whilst his name was proclaimed on the wings of fame in every capital of Europe, he found, in the town of his adoption, an increase of ill-feeling, of base intrigue, and of studied insult, which in that instance was doubly painful.

A most eligible offer had been made to him by the new Elector of Hesse Cassel, ensuring him full power in the organization of a German opera on the largest scale under his absolute independent direction. He wavered for a short time, waiting the decision of the king, who had been appealed to partly by Weber himself, partly by the intendant of the theatre, Herr von Könneritz, for an increase of his paltry stipend of 1,500 thalers (225*l.*) per annum, to 2,400 thalers. The king, having at first refused to entertain this request, at last, and on condition of Morlacchi being on the same footing, consented to an increase of 300 thalers,

thus bringing his salary to 270*l.* Such was the desire of poor Weber to overcome the pertinacious hostility of the sovereign, that he decided to remain, and to decline the offer from Cassel. With a feeling of personal abnegation, and being quite aware that Ludwig Spohr, at that time a visitor in Dresden, had spoken in the most disparaging terms of his *Der Freischütz*, he recommended him so warmly as the fittest man for the vacant post, that he obtained for him the place, which Spohr occupied till his death.

Resuming the drudgery of his office, Weber hoped that he would be permitted to open the German season at the restored and repainted Court Theatre with a model performance of his favourite opera, *Don Giovanni*, which he had prepared with the utmost care, and which was certain to meet with general approbation. But the superior authorities decided otherwise, and Mozart's master-work was doomed to make its appearance in a hole-and-corner theatre at the *Linkesche Bad*, a place of resort in the outskirts, the king reserving the honour of opening the new season for one of his favourite Italian operas.

To compensate for this disappointment, the German Capellmeister had to conduct the *Tafel Musik* (dinner-music) at the state banquets of his majesty at Pillnitz. In the large dining-hall sat the royal family and their retinue; the galleries round were filled with the members of the household and visitors, while on a raised platform were the principal artists of the Italian Opera and the whole orchestra, with Weber conducting the performance. The poor man was ill at ease in his

stiff court dress—a green frock coat with an embroidered collar and large gilt buttons, white breeches, buckled shoes, a three-cornered hat under his arm, and a long sword at his side, at times dangling most uncomfortably between his legs. An instrumental overture was usually selected for soup and fish; a grand aria, perhaps "Di tanti palpiti," sung by Madlle. Tibaldi, came in for the *entrées;* a short piano or violin solo of a light character suited the vegetables; a quartet or quintet as *pièce de résistance* for the roast; and a sentimental ditty, for the tenor, accompanied the popping of the champagne corks and the ices. Then his majesty would rise, followed by the whole court, while artists, orchestra, and spectators stood like so many statues, speechless and motionless. After the indispensable pinch of snuff, the king was wont to command, *pour la bonne bouche,* some buffo song by his favourite, Benincasa, whilst sipping a cup of coffee. When all had departed in the same stately and formal order, the young and handsome princes, Friedrich and Johann, came running in to give a hearty shake of the hand to Weber and have a merry laugh with him. But this was all on the sly, and very often the cause of their being reprimanded.

Owing to the delicate health of Frau von Weber, and by the advice of their medical friend, Dr. Hedenus, a little house was hired at Schandau—a delightful spot on the banks of the Elbe, in the so-called Saxon Switzerland, but at a considerable distance from the capital. His duties recalling him to Dresden, Weber for the first time was obliged to leave his beloved Lina; and on the very

evening of their separation, his horses taking fright when conveyed in a ferry over the river, he nearly lost his life. Fortunately this accident, though shaking him severely, had no other consequences than to affect his nerves to a fearful degree. On arriving at his home he immediately made his will, leaving whatever he possessed to his wife, and appealing to his brothers and other near relatives to forego any claim against her even should the form of the document be illegal.

One of the most painful incidents of that year was the severance of Weber's connection with his collaborator, Friedrich Kind. The success of *Der Freischütz* had been so unexampled that applications from every theatre in Germany for the full score and right of performance reached the composer in quick succession, in some instances with, for those days, considerable pecuniary offers. Weber, feeling that the comparatively small sum given to the poet for his copyright was inadequate to his merits, wrote to Kind in the most kindly and delicate manner, begging, as a favour, his acceptance of double the amount he had paid for the libretto. This was curtly and abruptly refused, and the repeated attempts he made to conciliate the jealous and conceited poet proved abortive. Kind, in one of his angry letters to Weber, spoke of composers who buy a libretto at the lowest possible figure and then consider their obligations ended, and rendered any renewal of the old friendship impossible. This separation is very much to be deplored. Kind seems really to have understood, better than any other, Weber's artistic tendencies and predilections. The projects of German

legendary operas and of one founded on Corneille's *Le Cid*, which were to have followed *Der Freischütz*, were abandoned for ever. The composition of *Die Drei Pintos*, which had been resumed immediately after Weber's return from Berlin, was also checked, probably on account of this unexpected rupture.

Yet there were superior men in the literary world, living within a stone's throw of Weber's house (such as Ludwig Tieck), who would have been but too happy to associate themselves with so great a musician. But this was not to be.

The difficulty was the choice of a practical and experienced playwright for the planning of a grand opera: he had been so much disgusted with the unfair critics who represented *Der Freischütz* as a *Singspiel*, without any great *morceau d'ensemble* or *finale*, and therefore unworthy of the praise bestowed upon it, that he would only be satisfied with a lyric drama requiring great choral masses and concerted pieces, and with recitatives throughout instead of the spoken dialogue.

1822. Meanwhile the long-deferred performance in Dresden of Weber's master-work was achieved on the 26th January, 1822, and there was certainly no falling off in the reception accorded to it compared with Berlin or Vienna. After four years of incessant labour, and with so many works written only for the gratification of the Saxon court, after having honourably accomplished the task of regenerating German opera, Weber might have expected what he desired more than anything. A piece of riband, the decoration of *die Rautenkrone*, would have rewarded him for all the shortcomings of his

superiors. His ardent desire was in vain. A distinction, which had been indiscriminately granted to the mayors of small towns, merchants, and officers, was denied to him—perhaps the only instance on record of this favour being withheld from an artist of such eminence.

It is inconceivable that a man with so much experience of the stage and dramatic requirements should have fallen into the meshes of an intriguing woman, who was certainly a good rhymester, but who could not even pen a reasonable scenarium, much less a libretto. Helmina von Chezy, a stout elderly lady, with all the qualities of a real blue-stocking, careless and slovenly in her appearance, not blessed with any earthly goods, but with a great deal of self-sufficiency, had disinterred an old legend, "*Histoire de Gérard de Nevers et de la belle et vertueuse Euryanthe, sa mie,*" almost as absurd as the "*Bel Amadis*" of Don Quixote, but rendered still more impossible by the overrated poetess. Weber was, no doubt, allured by the romantic character of the period—the opportunities of great scenic effects, and, above all, the contrast of all those fine ladies and knights with the simple hunters, peasants, &c., in *Der Freischütz*—and accepted the two first acts with such alterations as he judged indispensable.

His principal object now was to judge, by his own observation, of the artists likely to be put at his disposal by the management at Vienna, and to study the state of musical matters in that capital, which he had not visited for nearly ten years. Having succeeded in obtaining the desired leave, he started on his

journey, but again unaccompanied by his wife, whose health was still delicate. On parting, he left a sealed document with her, only to be opened in case of his death. It gave her full information as to his will, and contained, at the same time, a touching declaration of his undying love and of his gratitude for all her affection. On the journey he stopped a few days at Prague, where he yielded to the general entreaties to conduct one performance of *Der Freischütz*, and received the most unmistakable tokens of esteem and admiration in the field of his former labours. It was on that occasion that he heard, for the first time, Henrietta Sontag, then in her eighteenth year, who, though the favourite of the Prague public, did not at first impress him greatly.

At Vienna, where he was not only treated with the utmost distinction by Prince Frederick of Saxony, then on a visit there, but by the imperial archdukes, the cream of the nobility and society, and all that was eminent in literature and art, he witnessed a great transformation in the taste, with regard to music, of the highly gifted but fickle and light-hearted inhabitants. Where formerly, Mozart, Haydn, Cherubini, and Beethoven reigned supreme, Rossini, accompanied by vocalists of the highest order, had carried the stream of popular favour in quite another direction. An *ensemble* of talent, astonishing the rapt and surprised audiences by an almost incredible perfection, enhanced by the presence of the fascinating swan of Pesaro himself, and with the addition of the orchestra and chorus, who were determined not to be put in the shade by the

soloists, a music easy of comprehension, redundant with all the fire and sensuality of the south, a society in which the Italian party was then predominant,—such were the elements combined, with which German music, and Weber as its representative, had to contend. He did not for one moment underrate the difficulty of his position. He knew that, notwithstanding the splendid ovations which greeted him everywhere, his style, so entirely opposed to the Italian school, ought somehow to be modified to gain the favour of the Viennese public. But neither the persuasions nor the warnings of his friends could prevail against his determination to uphold the standard of German music. With his usual discernment, he felt the want of a suitable vocalist for his heroine amongst the somewhat superannuated *prime donne* M. Dupont, the representative of Barbaja, could put at his disposal. Though rather doubtful, when hearing Sontag for the first time at Prague, whether she had all the qualities required for the arduous part of Euryanthe, she seemed to him so superior to all he had heard at Vienna, that he strongly recommended her engagement for German in addition to Italian opera, for which latter her services had already been secured. One artist only—also a young girl of 18—Wilhelmine Schroeder, who afterwards surpassed all her colleagues in that, perhaps her greatest, part, would have been chosen by him had he not feared that by placing a comparative beginner in a superior position to the old favourites of the opera, he would give mortal offence and set everybody against him. Her performance as Agathe had certainly

contributed largely to the immense popularity of the miserable and garbled version of *Der Freischütz*. Her magnificent figure and dramatic fire, so well regulated by her mother, one of the first female tragedians of Germany, a powerful and most sympathetic voice and a well justified ambition, made an impression on the composer which increased at each successive performance: and it is to be regretted that he did not urge her engagement in preference to that of Sontag—the latter, though perfectly adapted for all that was elegant and graceful, being deficient in declamatory power and passion.

During his stay at Vienna Weber revived former and made new acquaintances, amongst whom were Castelli the humourist; Grillparzer the poet, author of *Sappho* and *Die Ahnfrau*; Caroline Pichler, the novelist; Salieri, Gyrowetz, and Franz Schubert.

Weber, who had been shocked by the omission of two of the most important characters in his *Freischütz*, *Samiel*, the spirit of evil, and the hermit representing the good principle, by the substitution of crossbows for firearms, and endless other mutilations, succeeded at last in having his work given more or less in its integrity. In a letter to his wife he writes, "At all events they have let me have my devil and my rifle-bullets." This restoration was instrumental in giving new fuel to the enthusiasm of the Vienna public, which, though carried away by *Zelmira*, *Semiramide*, and *Donna del Lago*, flocked to fifty consecutive performances of *Der Freischütz*. It is needless to allude to the popular greeting which awaited Weber when he

conducted his restored opera for Wilhelmine Schroeder's benefit in the Austrian capital. It was accepted with the same demonstrations as in every other town of Germany.

On terminating this important visit Weber returned to his yearned-for home, where his wife soon afterwards gave birth to his eldest son, "Max Maria Christian Philipp," now one of the most celebrated engineers in Germany, and appointed by the Emperor director of the leading railroads of that country.

In the middle of May, Weber, with the young mother and son, removed to a simple but comfortable farm-house at Hosterwitz, commanding a pleasant view of the Elbe, and in the immediate neighbourhood of the king's summer residence, Pillnitz. In this Tusculum he was gladdened by the long and welcome visits of Jean Paul Richter, Tieck, Wilhelm Müller (the poet of Greece and father of Professor Max Müller) and Wilhelmine Schroeder. The latter, accompanied by her illustrious mother, surprised even Weber by the immense progress she had made in a very few months of stage experience. Her impersonations of Fidelio, of Agathe, and Donna Anna, foretold that in her the real interpreter of German music of the highest order was at last found, and that she would spread its fame to Paris and London. The Webers received the young artist with the utmost cordiality. It was touching to see the great composer leading the way in the country walks round Hosterwitz and preparing for her the surprise usually in store for his visitors. Selecting a footpath he had himself discovered in the forest, and which had

apparently no outlet, and ascending a rather steep hill, he conducted her by an abrupt turn to a plateau whence the winding course of the river, the chain of mountains of Saxon Switzerland, with all the smiling vineyards, meadows, and villages could be seen. Had he composed one of his best songs or instrumental pieces his joy and satisfaction could not have been greater than when watching the delight and admiration of his friends on beholding this charming scene. This love of nature and principally of forest life, may explain his predilection, in the majority of his operas, for hunting choruses and romantic scenery. Nowhere did he display the simplicity of his character and the charms of his cultivated spirit so well as in these walks through the wood.

The visit of the stately Spontini to Weber was another incident of the year, but little love was lost between the two rivals.

During that summer I had the happiness to spend one of the most interesting periods of my life with him and his family. Watching the progress of his *Euryanthe* from the first note to its completion, I had the best opportunity of observing his system of composing. Many a time might he be seen early in the morning, some closely-written pages in his hand, which he stood still to read, and then wandered on through forest and glen muttering to himself. He was learning by heart the words of *Euryanthe*, which he studied until he made them a portion of himself, his own creation, as it were. His genius would sometimes lie dormant during his frequent repetition of the

words, and then the idea of a whole musical piece would flash upon his mind, like the bursting of light into darkness. It would then remain there uneffaced, gradually assuming a perfect shape, and not till this process was attained would he put it down on paper. His first transcriptions were generally penned on the return from his solitary walks. He then noted down the voices fully, and only marked here and there the harmonies or the places where particular instruments were to be introduced. Sometimes he indicated by signs, known only to himself, his most characteristic orchestral effects; then he would play to his wife or to me, from these incomplete sketches, the most striking pieces of the opera, invariably in the form they afterwards maintained.

The whole was already so thoroughly developed in his brain that his instrumentation was little more than the labour of a copyist; and the notes flowed to his pen with the marks of all the shading of expression, as if copper-plated on the paper. By this peculiar mental process the large quantity of work which he was able to accomplish in a brief period can be explained. The scoring of the opera of *Euryanthe* from his sketches occupied only sixty days.

At the end of his stay in Hosterwitz he returned to Dresden, devoting all his time to the completion of this opera. Many precious hours were lost in the endeavour to give a dramatic turn to the last act of this ill-contrived *olla-podrida*, of which some ingredients were even borrowed from Shakespeare's *Cymbeline*; but the unintelligible, meaningless plot was past redeeming,

and led to constant bickerings between the conceited poetess and the ill-fated composer.

1823. A *Festspiel*, the words by Ludwig Robert, composed for the wedding of Prince Johann, formed the only interruption to the incessant labour at his opera, which, with the exception of the overture, was finished on the 28th of August, 1823, at Hosterwitz. Morlacchi, though fully aware of the immense responsibility of his colleague, who had pledged his word to be ready with *Euryanthe* in the beginning of the autumn, asked for a new leave of absence to restore his shattered health, so that not only Weber's *Festspiel*, but Morlacchi's cantata for the same occasion, added to the weight of the two operas, fell on the over-burdened conductor. He was invited in the most flattering terms to direct personally the fiftieth performance of his *Freischütz* at Berlin, but, owing to his official duties, and being entirely wrapped up in his new work, he was obliged to decline the offer. He at last set out for his momentous journey on the 16th of September, and after a short visit to Prague, arrived in Vienna on the 21st, accompanied by myself. Frau von Weber, whose state of health did not permit her to travel, remained with their child at Dresden.

The rehearsal of the opera began almost immediately. All the artists had taken it up with great zeal—none more so than the charming Henriette Sontag, to whom the principal part was allotted. The choruses went admirably, the orchestra was almost perfect. On the surface all seemed smiling and prosperous. But the heart of the public was not with him as at Berlin in

1821. Even the artists, Weigl, Seyfried, Kreutzer the stage manager, Gottdank one of his professed friends, found fault with the work. The latter did not hesitate to say that "it was hard to understand and harder to sing such music." The great Franz Schubert had evidently a grudge against Carl Maria, and spoke of his dislike of the man and the artist in a manner which proved but too clearly that there was no sympathy between them.

Advantage was also taken of the alleged feud with Beethoven. Everything was done to foster that hostile feeling, but the mighty Ludwig was above small-talk and mischievous gossip. He had heard from Wilhelmine Schroeder with how much care, devotion, and energy, Weber had produced *Fidelio* in the summer of 1822, and how deep and lasting the impression of this masterpiece was on the Dresden public; he had been in active correspondence with the Saxon Capellmeister himself, and to my great joy and surprise, when I met him one morning at his publishers', Beethoven actually condescended to speak with me on the subject. I see him yet before me, and who could ever forget those striking features? The lofty vaulted forehead with thick grey and white hair encircling it in the most picturesque disorder, that square lion's nose, that broad chin, that noble and soft mouth. Over the cheeks, seamed with scars from the small-pox, was spread a high colour. From under the bushy, closely compressed eyebrows flashed a pair of piercing eyes; his thick-set Cyclopean figure told of a powerful frame. He approached me with his inseparable tablet in his hand, and in his

usual brusque manner addressed me: "You are Weber's pupil?" I gave an affirmative nod. "Why doesn't he come to see me? Tell him to come to Baden with friend Haslinger," pointing to Steiner's partner. Asking for his tablet, I wrote in it "May I come too?" He smiled, replying, "*Ja, kleiner naseweis*" (Yes, you saucy little fellow). So, having duly announced his visit, Weber, Haslinger, and myself drove out on the 5th of October to Baden, near Vienna, where the master was wont to take refuge till late in the autumn.

We all felt strangely moved when entering the great man's poor desolate-looking room; everything in the most appalling disorder—music, money, clothing on the floor, the bed unmade, broken coffee-cups upon the table, the open pianoforte with scarcely any strings left and thickly covered with dust, while he himself was wrapped in a shabby old dressing-gown. He recognised Weber at once, and embracing him, energetically shouted: "There you are, *du Teufel's Kerl*" (you devil of a fellow), and, handing him his tablet, pushed a heap of music from the piano, threw himself upon it, and during a flow of conversation commenced dressing to go out with us. He began with a string of complaints about his position, about the public, the theatres, the Italians, and more especially about his own ungrateful nephew.

Weber, evidently touched by this tale of woe, advised him to leave Vienna and go to Germany and England, where his works were so much appreciated. "Too late," cried Beethoven, pointing to his ear and shaking his head sadly; then he seized Weber's arm and dragged

him away to the hotel where he used to take his meals. Weber in his diary says, "We dined together in the happiest mood; the stern rough man paid me as much attention as if I were a lady he was courting, and served me at table with the most delicate care. How proud I felt to receive all this attention and regard from the great master-spirit; the day will remain for ever impressed upon my mind and those of all who were present."

After a long and most interesting conversation referring to the highest questions of art, the time came for departure. Again and again Beethoven embraced Weber, and it was long before he would loose the thin delicate hand from the grasp of his mighty fist. "Success to your new opera; if I can, I will come on the first night," were his last words. The two great musicians never met again.

As the time of the first performance approached, the anxiety of Weber's numerous friends increased, with the vague rumours emanating from the green-room, that notwithstanding the manifold beauties of the work, its prospects were clouded by the feebleness of the book, nay, even by the too serious character of the music.

Nowhere was the ultimate fate of *Euryanthe* more warmly discussed than in the "*Ludlams Höhle.*" This name had been given to a society composed of the *élite* of literary men, musicians, painters, singers, and actors of all nationalities. They assembled nightly in a quaint old inn in one of the bye-streets of the *Graben,* then the Regent Street of Vienna. There,

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ascending a steep and narrow staircase, of the character of a ship's ladder, and passing through a room where beer and sour Austrian wine were handed to ordinary mortals, you reached, through a passage, your destination. A long, low room with once white-washed walls, a large deal table, common chairs, and a few pegs for cloaks, &c., illuminated by some oil-lamps and tallow candles; such was the sanctum of the choicest spirits of the age. Oehlenschleger, the celebrated author of *Aladdin* and *Coreggio*, whom the Danes claim as their Shakespeare, and who was one of the founders of the society, had written a play called the *Ludlams Höhle*, which was received with much favour at Vienna, its name (Ludlam's Cave) seeming particularly appropriate to the dark and smoky atmosphere of Heidvogel's Inn. The constitution of that singular social gathering, which later on was considered to be a satire on the government, required that the president and chairman should be the most stupid of all the members. He was raised to the dignity of caliph. The vice-president was called *Vizdumm* (vice-stupid), all the guests invited were merely considered *shadows* and only became *bodies* when they were elected members.

The caliph at that period was a former mediocre actor, Schwarz (Black), who, retiring on a small pension, and with a great predilection for liquids of all sorts, distinguished himself by smoking more pipes and drinking more beer than anybody else. His rubicund face, resembling a full moon, justified the nickname of *Rauchmar der rothe Mohr* (the red black). He

never once failed to be at his post, and there, after the play or the opera, up to the small hours of the morning, you might meet Saphir, overflowing with wild humour; Castelli, dry and irresistibly droll; Grillparzer; Count Mailath, the poet of Hungary; Stubenrauch, a distinguished painter; Deinhardstein, the H. J. Byron of that period; Moscheles and Gyrowetz, the celebrated musicians; Anschütz and Kettel, the leading tragedians; Heitzinger and Forti, the principal vocalists of the opera; the brothers Biedermann and Aloys Jeitteles, literary amateurs of the highest distinction; Zedlitz, author of *Napoleon's Midnight Review*, and Holtei, a clever dramatic author and novelist.

All these and many more vied with each other in the production of poetry and music which had to be written and composed on the spot, and read or sung by the author or the members. This was an indispensable condition of membership.

Weber, who counted his best friends in that merry circle, had been admitted, *pro tem.*, and spent many pleasant hours in their midst. It being known that chiefly from the opposition of the higher aristocracy to the so-called German element, and their partiality for modern Italian music, unfavourable demonstrations against the composer might be anticipated at the first performance of *Euryanthe*, the Ludlamites pledged themselves, one and all, to support him on that evening.

Now again the whole of Weber's future fate hung upon the issue of one momentous night. It might either increase the favour already gained by the composer, or

mar and even destroy it. An immense crowd filled the *Kärnthnerthor* Theatre on the 25th October. Not a place was vacant. The highest political authorities, the flower of nobility and beauty, filled the boxes, whilst in the pit there was not one musician of repute absent, with the exception of Beethoven, who sent a most kindly message to Weber regretting his inability to attend.

A ludicrous incident formed an unexpected introduction to the overture. Out of the surging waves of the pit, swaying to and fro, arose, on the top of the last bench, the figure of a by no means prepossessing lady, past the meridian of life, in a shabby dress, an old worn-out hat, and a shawl that had seen better days. Her attempts to gain in a rational way the front seat allotted to her having been frustrated, the gangways being impassable, she tried to find her way *over* the crowd, exclaiming loudly, "Make room, make room for me, I say! I tell you I am the poetess! the poetess!" This, accompanied by mocking shouts of laughter, was taken up by the whole pit and echoed by the boxes, "Room for the poetess! room for the poetess!" and did not cease till Frau Helmina von Chezy was squeezed into her seat, after having been literally passed over the heads of the people.

Another moment and the uproarious merriment of the public changed to a welcome of the beloved composer such as he had not received, even at Berlin. At last silence was restored. The overture, composed only a few days before the performance, then began. Though utterly different from that of *Der Freischütz* it is equally rich in new combinations of instrumental

effects, chivalric, expressive, and passionate by turns. Planned according to Weber's adopted system, it includes several of the important musical and dramatic points of the opera, compressing them into a most interesting and effective prologue.

Thus the leading phrase, embodying Adolar's trust in "God and his Euryanthe," conjures up at once the splendour of a Provençal Court, with its knights, its troubadours, its fair ladies. The second subject which follows is taken from Adolar's *scena*, "*O Seligkeit, dich fass ich kaum*," and forms a delightful contrast with the preceding strain. After the termination of the first part an unexpected and novel modulation leads to a mysterious movement, which embodies the ghostly apparition of Adolar's ancestors. (Weber's first idea of having the curtain raised for a *tableau vivant* during the unearthly music, thus explaining all that was obscure in the plot, was unfortunately not carried out.) The characters of Adolar's rival, Lysiart, and of Euryanthe's false friend, Eglantine, are then portrayed by their respective musical figures, which, alternating with snatches of the first subject, describe well the struggle of truth and loyalty against fraud and treason. At last the clouds are dispersed, and the return to the beginning and to Adolar's motive, "*O Seligkeit*," in the original key, now a jubilant, triumphant song of victory, inspiring, and almost overwhelming by its enthusiasm and fire, completes this highly poetical conception.

Strange that an inspiration so original and striking should have failed to impress the public. At the general rehearsal the day before it had been received with

boundless demonstrations of approval, but maybe the violins, who are heavily taxed, and who would have been the better for an additional rehearsal, became nervous; the intonation of the otherwise almost faultless orchestra in some of the intricate passages of modulation was in several instances far from satisfactory, and, contrary to all expectations, though repeatedly applauded, the overture did not command an *encore*.

The first chorus in the introduction, as stately and charming as one of Paul Veronese's pictures, the graceful slow dance of the knights and their fair companions, even Adolar's love-song "*Unter blüh'nden Mandelbaümen*," sung to perfection by Haizinger, passed almost unobserved, but when Adolar, with the leading strain of the overture repeated "*Ich bau auf Gott*," trusting in the love of his Euryanthe, defies the cynical proposal of Lysiart, who makes a wager to win the favour of this unsullied bride, then, only at the end of this grand musical piece, was a storm of applause raised from the hitherto apparently indifferent listeners, and the composer was unanimously called on the stage.

Sontag's appearance as the heroine, in the freshness and bloom of her beauty and talent, was the signal for another outburst. Her song, though tender and poetical beyond description, had not the fascinating ring of the voluptuous Italian melodies to which the Viennese were accustomed, but the following duet between her and her rival, Eglantine (Mme. Grünbaum), produced some of the anticipated enthusiasm. This being redemanded, and bringing Weber again on

the stage, raised the hopes of his friends. Eglantine's *aria* following did not create any particular sensation; but now came the crowning point of the evening, the *finale* of the first act. The gay march and chorus, accompaying Lysiart's entry into Adolar's castle, the courteous and elegant phrases entrusted to Sontag on receiving the friend of her betrothed, Lysiart's flattering address, with a significant undercurrent of the orchestra, and then that loveliest of all quartets, "*Fröhliche Klänge*," with Euryanthe's solo, containing all the elements of Italian popularity, and displaying the talent of the prima donna to the greatest advantage, excited the public almost to frenzy. The curtain, which had fallen, had to be raised again. The whole quartet had to be repeated, the recalls and shouts were deafening, and every vestige of opposition seemed to have vanished before this magical effect.

Meanwhile, with the recalls and repetitions the first act had occupied an hour and a half, and Weber ominously shook his head when congratulated on the stage, saying, "They have fired off their powder too soon." An *entr'acte* of nearly half an hour's duration was sufficient to cool the fever-heat of the audience, and neither the grand *scena* of Lysiart, rendered with much spirit by Forti, nor the subsequent duet between him and Eglantine, so highly dramatic and powerful, succeeded in keeping up the thermometer of public favour. It was not until the change of scene with Adolar's *scena* and *aria*, embodying the lovely motive of the overture, "*O Seligkeit dich fass ich kaum*," a gush of feeling unsurpassed in modern music, and the following

duet with Euryanthe, "*Hin nimm die seele mein*," melodious, popular, without being vulgar, that the former ovations were renewed, ending in the latter case with an *encore* and the recall of the composer. But with the *finale* began the reaction, chiefly on account of the unintelligible libretto. In the original legend Lysiart, introduced in a clandestine manner into Euryanthe's chamber by Eglantine, who burns to revenge herself for Adolar's preference of the former, discovers on her neck the mark of a violet which is known only to her husband. To introduce this on the stage as a proof of the wife's infidelity would of course have been out of the question, and so the inventive genius of Frau von Chezy supplied an almost incomprehensible story of a certain sister of Adolar, Emma by name, who, having been guilty of the crime of self-murder by a poisoned ring, was condemned to be a wandering spirit. Adolar had made his *fiancée* take an oath not to divulge the horrible secret to any one, she however has broken her pledge in an unguarded moment, making a confidante of her bosom friend, Eglantine, who in turn has revealed it to the treacherous Lysiart. Armed with this proof, Lysiart appears at the great fête given by the king, proclaiming that he has won the favour of Euryanthe, and producing the ring connected with the catastrophe. At this disclosure, and without asking for further proof, the simple-minded lover takes the whole tale for granted, and brands the innocent victim as a shameful traitress. His anger and rage are echoed by the whole court, and at the close of the act he is seen carrying the senseless Euryanthe to her doom.

This short sketch of one of the greatest dramatic mistakes ever made, may account for the falling off in the interest which the public had hitherto shown in the plot. There could not be the slightest sympathy for such a simpleton as Adolar, such a weak sovereign as the king, or such an assemblage of idiots as his court. It was quite natural that a young girl accused of having committed a fearful crime should not be able to answer immediately, but that her momentary silence should be made a convincing proof of her guilt passed the comprehension of the audience. What with that mysterious Emma who never came upon the scene at all, what with a secret, which even the public were not allowed to understand, the composer unconsciously felt the want of cohesion and of clearness in this, the most important point of the opera, and with all endeavour on his part to supply the deficiency of the situation, his genius was paralysed, and the result was a diffuseness and straining after effects which acted as an anticlimax to all that had gone before.

The curtain fell amidst much applause, accompanied, however, by some unmistakable signs of disapproval. The *ayes* had it, but there was a feeling of weariness increased by another long *entr'acte*, and which, unfortunately, was not dispelled by the opening scenes of the third and last act. Euryanthe is led to a desert by the infuriated Adolar, who, after saving her from the attack of a lion, is rational enough not to kill her outright, but to leave her to starvation. The duet between the lovers, the melancholy song of Euryanthe lamenting her fate, passed without any acknowledgment on the part of the

tired listeners. Then came another redeeming point. The king arrives, hunting with his retinue, to a chorus entirely different from the celebrated one in *Der Freischütz* but infinitely more original in conception and rhythm. This, marvellously executed by the Vienna singers, was (an unheard-of thing on the stage) redemanded twice. The king, nobody knows why, is at once convinced of Euryanthe's innocence, and promises to take her back to her ill-advised lover; this leads to a passionate air of the heroine, "*Zu ihm, zu ihm*," taxing her vocal powers to the utmost and raising a storm of applause. Euryanthe falls senseless, and is carried away as dead. The scene changes. Lysiart having won by his wager all Adolar's estates, is about to be married to Eglantine. This gives occasion for a May-song by the villagers assembled to witness the event. Of such exquisite beauty and charm is this composition that it commanded an irresistible *encore*. Adolar in disguise meantime arrives, and questioning the villagers hears on all sides the general conviction that poor Euryanthe, supposed to be dead, was the victim of a wicked conspiracy. He is immediately convinced of the truth of this statement, and, in an animated strain, swears to punish the traitor. A solemn wedding march announces the arrival of Lysiart and Eglantine, who seem far from anticipating great connubial bliss. These unpleasant forebodings are but too soon to be verified. Adolar, having overheard a significant conversation of the guilty pair, breaks forth in a violent paroxysm of rage and indignation, provoking Lysiart to mortal combat. The fight is interrupted by the arrival of the

king, who proclaims the death of Euryanthe. Eglantine, exulting at the fate of her rival, announces Euryanthe's innocence and the accomplishment of her own vengeance, which indiscretion prompts Lysiart to stab her on the spot. He, of course, is led to his doom. But Euryanthe after all is not dead, and being united to Adolar everything ends merrily. At the conclusion of the opera Weber, first called on the stage, with all the principal performers, was obliged to return alone; and with the waving of handkerchiefs, frantic shouts, and an unceasing torrent of applause, this memorable evening came to a close—for the public.

Another, perhaps even more gratifying triumph, awaited the composer of *Euryanthe*. Weber had promised his devoted friends of the Ludlams Höhle to accept the supper prepared for him by the members, and though half dead with fatigue and emotion, made his appearance. The warmth of his reception could not be equalled; the members were *au complet;* eight charming poems, extolling the man, the artist, and the work, were recited by the leading spirits of that unique assemblage of talent and wit, and his health was repeatedly drunk with acclamation. To perpetuate the memory of such an event Weber, hitherto only a shadow, was unanimously elected a body, with the euphonious name of "*Euryanthus der Zieltreffer*," (Euryanthus the victorious marksman). A similar honour was conferred on myself, who, emerging from my obscurity and not yet of age, was exceptionally "embodied" under the appellation of "*Maledünntus Wagner der Weberjunge:*" "*Maledünntus*" (bad thin

one) in contradistinction to my real name, or an approximation to it, *Benedicktus* (good stout one); again *Wagner*, being the *famulus* of Weber, as Wagner was of Faust; and lastly "*Weberjunge*" (the Weber boy) because the dear master had always treated me with fatherly affection. He seemed to revive in this congenial atmosphere, and it was nearly three in the morning when all escorted him to his home. Even then he did not seek the needed rest, but wrote a touching letter to his wife, describing the occurrences of the evening.

To all appearance he had achieved a triumph even superior to that of *Der Freischütz;* the second and third performances under his own direction went far better still than the first, the houses were excellent, and the public seemed delighted. But a mighty opposition had arisen. Franz Schubert, who had already declared that there was only one musician-like piece in *Der Freischütz*, viz., the duet between the two ladies, was amongst the bitterest adversaries of the new work. He did not disguise his opinion to his friends, saying on one occasion, "This is no music. There is no *finale*, no concerted piece according to the rules of art. It is all striving after effect. And he finds fault with Rossini! It is utterly dry and dismal."

The partisans of Italian music took up Weber's own bad joke, when he exclaimed, after a long tedious rehearsal, that he feared his *Euryanthe* might prove *Ennuyante;* others said that because Weber wrote for eternity he had made his opera eternally long. He felt rather too late that cuts would be necessary, and

with judicious pruning reduced the duration of the opera to two hours and a half. In this form Conradin Kreutzer conducted the fourth performance in the presence of the composer, who, though concealed in a private box, was obliged to yield to the demands of the audience, and to appear repeatedly on the stage.

Before starting on his journey home he received a most gratifying message from Beethoven and from old Salieri, who congratulated him on his success. He had also an audience of the Emperor, who accepted the dedication of *Euryanthe*, sending him a magnificent snuff-box studded with diamonds, and expressing himself in unmeasured terms of praise and cordiality. The elated composer was compelled to stay one night at Prague, where he had been requested to conduct the fiftieth performance of *Der Freischütz*, with the theatre crowded to the ceiling, and with every token of affection on the part of his old and grateful friends. All this was very satisfactory, but he was really happy only when, once more in his home, he could clasp his beloved wife and child to his heart. On the 13th of November he wrote Lichtenstein a long letter, giving a description of the first performances of his opera, and terminating with these words—"That envy should raise her head mightily, you may well imagine. It does not recoil from falsehood. All the pieces not at first understood were appreciated in the subsequent performances. I can't repeat what the most eminent musicians such as Weigl, Gyrowetz, Seyfried, Mosel, Abbé Stadler, &c. said, because it places me so high that I blush when I think of it."

At the dear master's special desire I remained some weeks longer at Vienna to watch the successive representations of *Euryanthe*, but I had not the heart to communicate to him by letter what I saw and heard on the subject. The difference in the attendance was appalling, and no wonder! The opera being found still too long, Conradin Kreutzer reduced it to two hours; some of the finest points were omitted, others were so maimed and mutilated as to make them lose their original form; the libretto, always obscure, became a perfect jumble; the artists grew neglectful and indifferent by seeing their exertions not duly acknowledged; the orchestra slovenly, and even the chorus wanting in their former precision and energy. Such was the fate of Weber's masterpiece in the Austrian capital. It limped with great trouble through twenty performances, and was then withdrawn for years.

To add to the composer's cup of bitterness, adverse criticisms, which at first appeared at long intervals, and were written in a moderate tone, became more frequent, pungent, and satirical, and his enemies procured themselves the sorry satisfaction of sending them anonymously to the composer.

When I returned to Dresden the change in Weber's appearance was painful to a degree. He seemed to have grown older by ten years in those few weeks; his former strength of mind, his confidence, his love for the art had all forsaken him. Sunken eyes, general apathy, and a dry hectic cough bespoke clearly the precarious condition of his health. He attended his official duties as before with the most scrupulous punctuality,

but his creative powers were at a complete standstill. In the space of fifteen months, from October 19th, 1823, to January 23rd, 1825, he actually composed nothing but one short French song.

A happy event on the 6th of January, 1825, the birth of his second son, Alexander Victor Maria, seems to have dissipated the gloom oppressing his mind, maybe also he felt his increased responsibilities. His time meanwhile was filled up with preparations for the first performance of *Euryanthe* at both Dresden and Leipsic, where the work was received with acclamation. At Dresden he had the great satisfaction to secure the services of Madame Schroeder-Devrient in the principal part for the first night. She not only carried out completely the intentions of the composer, but infused such an amount of original pathos and feeling into her conception of the character as to take, not only the frequenters of the opera, but Weber himself by storm.

Before the year closed Weber, who had for a long time past asked to have his onerous duties relieved by a competent assistant, repeated this request owing to the prolonged absence of Morlacchi, suggesting his old friend and fellow pupil Gänsbacher. To his great joy and surprise his wish was granted, and he lost no time in writing to Gänsbacher telling him of his satisfaction at the idea of having one of his best friends near him as a colleague. He was however again thwarted in his expectations. His friend, weary of waiting, had accepted the appointment as musical director of St. Stephen's, Vienna, and thus the full

weight of his dreary and ceaseless labour fell again on Weber's shoulders.

Another incident of that period was the parting between Weber and myself. He thought that it was time for me to begin my artistic career in earnest, and felt besides that in his then condition he could not continue to devote his time, as it was his wont to do, so largely and generously to my instruction. The separation was very painful on all sides, and his farewell letter to me is written in the most affectionate terms. It was to his powerful influence and recommendation that I owed my first official appointment as conductor at the Imperial Opera of Vienna in the autumn of 1824.

1824. In the beginning of the same year a somewhat angry correspondence with Spontini at Berlin formed a not altogether pleasant episode. The promised performance of *Euryanthe* in that capital was always deferred under some pretext or another, and this, combined with the continual newspaper attacks, aggravated by the old system of petty annoyances by his superiors, had so much impaired Carl Maria's health that he was compelled to seek a short rest at Marienbad, from which, however, he derived little or no benefit. Later in the year he won golden opinions by his direction of Haydn's *Seasons* at Dresden, and of the musical festival at Quedlinburg, initiated to celebrate the 100th anniversary of Klopstock's birth in that town. What he wrote during these months to a friend (Ignaz Susann) may give insight into his state of mind and noble character. "In memory I live through again that beautiful time when one feels happy in framing resolutions,

and their accomplishment seems so easy and so sublime. How often did my high-soaring wishes, which then seemed to me unattainable, aspire to no more than what I have reached now, and yet how much farther did my true and great ideal always advance in my conviction, and how much less was I myself satisfied with what seemed to give satisfaction to others. Believe me, a great success weighs like a heavy debt upon the soul of the honest artist, and he can never pay it as he earnestly desires. What experience adds to our faculties is taken away by the decaying force of youth, and nothing remains but the consolation that everything is imperfect, and that at least we did—as much as we could do."

On arriving at Hosterwitz from Marienbad, Weber found a letter from Charles Kemble, which confirmed what Moscheles had told him at Vienna the year before. The unheard-of triumphs of *Der Freischütz*, given in no less than three London theatres (Covent Garden, Drury Lane, and the Lyceum) simultaneously, and with no abatement of public favour, inspired the lessee of the first-named house with the idea of securing, if possible, its composer for an original work in the English language. Previous applications from Paris had also been renewed, offering every artistic and pecuniary advantage. Weber, who had always felt a strong sympathy for England and for the illustrious family represented by Kemble, was further influenced in his decision by Moscheles, who in his artistic tour through Germany visited Dresden, and, knowing the disposition of the English public so well, urged the acceptance of

the London offer. Before finally acceding to Kemble's request Weber had a consultation with his medical adviser and friend, Hedenus, explaining his situation, and the precarious position in which, in case of his death, he would leave his wife and his children. He had with his usual honourable feeling discharged every penny of his thoughtless father's debts, besides those contracted by himself whilst at Stuttgart. This, with his establishment in Dresden on a larger scale, and with his paltry salary, had absorbed nearly all the benefit derived from *Der Freischütz* and *Preciosa*. He now wanted to know the candid opinion of the physician, whether he would be fit to undertake the journey to England in the depth of winter, and would not decide until he had ascertained that opinion. Hedenus replied, "If you give up any idea of conducting or composing, start at once for Italy, and remain in idleness at least one year, you may live five or six years longer." "And if not?" asked Weber. "Then," was the stern answer of the doctor, "it can be only a question of months, nay, maybe of weeks." Weber replied, deeply moved, but firmly, "As God will; from what you say I cannot hope to secure a future for my wife and family by dragging on for a few years a useless life. In England I may expect a return for my labours which will leave them in possession of means which I could not otherwise procure them, and thus it will be much better that I should accept the task." He recommended to Hedenus the most absolute silence on what had passed between them, and accepted the engagement, leaving the conditions in the hands of Kemble, who, after at first offering the small sum of

500*l.* and Weber's expenses for the copyright of the new opera, and the direction of *Der Freischütz* and *Preciosa* by the composer, subsequently increased it to double the amount, viz., 1,000*l.*

Faust or *Oberon* (taken from Wieland's poem) would have been equally welcome to the lessee of Covent Garden, but the composer having chosen the latter subject, the services of the late Mr. Planché were immediately put in requisition, and on the 30th December Weber received the first act of the libretto.

The poor sufferer, struggling with death, began only then to study the English language, in which the libretto was to be written, and from Oct. 2nd, 1824, till February 11th, 1826 (five days before his departure for London), he took 153 lessons, with an astonishing result.

1825. Armed with his new resolutions he invoked once more the muse which had so long lain dormant, and as in days of yore, fresh ideas, surprising combinations, arose in his fertile mind. His work was unceasing; he felt that there was no time to lose, and, heedless of his impending fate, he fought bravely on. How in his state he could find the freshest, perhaps the most original, melodies his pen ever produced, is marvellous. According to his diary he composed Huon's grand *scena*, "From boyhood trained in battle-field," on the 27th February, 1825. After this date there is apparently a pause in the progress of the work, as No. 1, that highly poetical chorus, "Light as fairy-foot," is not mentioned as composed till the 11th September of the same year. It must not, however, be inferred that he did not devote his time to the

important task he had assumed. Quite the reverse. As in his former operas, the whole of the first act was created and encased, so to speak, in his head in the first three months of that year. At the same time he undertook the arrangement of a collection of Scottish songs with accompaniment of flute, violin, violoncello, and pianoforte. Some of his most effective part songs for male voices belong also to this period.

Unfortunately a violent attack of his disease in the beginning of April put an end to any further occupation, and as early as that month he was obliged to take an absolute rest at a summer-house in *Kosel's Garten.* Hence he was ordered by Hedenus to Ems to take the waters. On his way there he paid, at the special request of Goethe's son, a visit to the great poet, who, always under the influence of his friend Zelter, considered the favourite composer of the German nation as a kind of mushroom celebrity, made him first wait a quarter of an hour in his ante-room, and when at last admitting him treated him almost as an intruder. This undeserved insult, repeated for the third time, so angered and upset Weber, that he was forced to remain in bed for two days, being constantly nursed with real affection by Hummel and his family.

At Ems he was overwhelmed with marks of esteem and consideration by the distinguished visitors assembled there, who perhaps claimed more of his time and person than was desirable. He there was gladdened by the visit of Charles Kemble and Sir George Smart, who came from England on purpose to confer with him about *Oberon,* Sir George inviting him

in the kindest manner to stay at his house while in London.

On leaving Ems he passed through Frankfurt, where he had the honour of being solemnly welcomed (with trumpets and kettledrums, as his diary jokingly has it) during a performance of *Euryanthe.*

There was now a slight change for the better in his health, and with an almost feverish activity he devoted every free moment to his last work, terminating the first act on November 11th, 1825, and the second act, with the exception of the *finale*, on the 27th of the same month.

Meanwhile numerous and most harassing occupations distracted poor Weber beyond all description. One of these was the performance of *Olimpia*, proposed by himself as an appropriate opera for the wedding of Prince Max with a Princess of Lucca. Giving this work his utmost care, and producing it with even more minute attention to every detail than he had bestowed on his own, he answered Spontini's unjustifiable proceedings against him in the most generous and self-denying manner. He even composed, ingeniously imitating the style of Spontini, an important recitative for the part of the goddess Diana, containing a poetical allusion to the royal wedding. This at last touched the heart of the proud Italian; his persistent opposition to *Euryanthe* was overcome, and the rehearsals began at Berlin in right earnest. But to utilise the numerous and efficient *corps de ballet* a *pas de cinq* was required, and was written by the hard-driven composer for that purpose. And thus after two years' anxious delay the

ardent wish and ambition of Carl Maria were realized. His proximate arrival in the Prussian capital after nearly four years' absence was hailed with rapture by the whole population, who wanted to testify their love for their favourite. On the 5th of December he left Dresden, carrying with him a beautiful diamond ring, the gift of the King of Saxony, who, though urged by the intendant of the theatre, Herr von Lüttichau, to grant Weber the much-wished-for decoration, was induced by Count Einsiedel to refuse the request.

The head of the Beer family having died meanwhile, Weber took up his abode with Heinrich, the eldest son. Nothing could exceed the tender attention he received in that house; the rehearsals also proceeded most satisfactorily; in fact the whole matter, barring the wretched state of health of the poor sufferer, was a repetition, with, if possible, increased success, of the glorious *Freischütz* time.

On the 23rd of December an unprecedented, and even for Weber surprising, ovation awaited him in the Opera House. The crowd which had besieged the entrance to the theatre since three o'clock in the afternoon rushed in in a torrent when the doors were opened; again and again the house rang with shouts and acclamations, which lasted several minutes before the performance could begin, and gave him the courage and energy to go through his task with all the vigour of former days. The singers, Mme. Seidler (Euryanthe), Mme. Schultz (Eglantine), Bader (Adolar), Blume (Lysiart), no less than orchestra and chorus, surpassed themselves; the *mise en scène* was gorgeous, the dresses

rich and tasteful, and the whole performance went off without a single blot. Weber, in a letter to Count Brühl, had said, "I am sure that only at Berlin *Euryanthe* will fulfil all my intentions," and here truly it had at last found its right appreciation.

A supper at Jagors, where all artistic and aristocratic Berlin, including even his persistent antagonist Zelter, did homage to the master, was a fit renewal of a similar fête in the same locality on the first evening of *Der Freischütz*, four years earlier. He might well write to his wife that he had achieved "the completest and most magnificent triumph." He had also the satisfaction to receive through the advocacy of his old friend, Count Brühl, the handsome remuneration of 800 thalers. After a second performance, conducted by him with the same effect and to a crowded house, he took his departure. His farewell from his dear friends, whom he was destined never to see again, was most affecting.

A letter from Charles Kemble, which reached him at Berlin, informed him that all the arrangements for the performance of *Oberon* were completed, and that the sooner he could come the better it would be. Once more Weber arrived at his home at Dresden, not with the buoyant hope he had so long entertained of creating new master-works surrounded by those he prized above all, his wife and children, but with the dismal prospect of a journey to a strange land, a wreck in health, and with the cruel certainty that his days were numbered, and that his farewell might be the last. In vain did his anxious wife entreat him to give up the idea of superintending personally the production of his work, and to sacrifice

everything rather than compromise his chances of recovery. How willingly would she have accompanied him; but with her eldest boy not yet four years old, and with another sickly infant child whom she could not have taken with her in the depth of winter, Weber would not hear of such a proposal. All the remonstrances of his friends failed to deter him from his purpose, and his answer was invariably, "It's all the same! Whether I go or remain, in one year I am a dead man. But if I go, my children will have bread when their father dies, if I remain they will starve."

1826. With the sad presentiment preying on his mind he felt it his duty to put all his affairs in order, which he did with great care. Every spare hour in the month of January was dedicated to the termination of *Oberon;* on the 6th the second *finale* was finished, and by the 13th only some short parts of the opera and the overture were wanting. Who could have believed that that magical fairy-dream with the heavenly melody of the mermaid in the end of the second act had been penned by a man suffering the most excruciating pain from an incessant cough and a devouring fever, sitting at his lonely desk till the early hours of the bitter winter mornings? And yet so it was. These inspirations came from above, and gave him the almost incredible courage to struggle and fight on as long as he had breath. The only outer sign of lassitude which can be detected in that trying time is the fact that he accepted the libretto of *Oberon* from Planché with few objections, and that when even these were not heeded he submitted to the decision of the

poet without any further opposition. The following letter written in his peculiar English may give an idea of the very modest alterations he required :—

"You have so well construed my first prayers that I continue proposals in confidence to your kindness.

"The scene between *Sherasmin* and *Fatima*, in the second act, and the (very pretty) *arietta* of the latter, must necessarily be omitted, and the *quartetto* follow immediately. Also the chorus of the pirates. But the time which we gain thereby we must spare for a *duetto* between *Huon* and *Rezia*. The absence of this piece of music would be very much regretted, and the scene upon the desert shore seems the most convenient place for it, though my musical heart sighs that the first moment when the loving pair find each other passes without music, but the opera appears too long already.

"Now wish I yet a *mad aria* for Sherasmin (when he discovers the horn) in which Fatima's lamentations unite and close the scene with a beautiful contrast. Oh! dear sir! what would not we produce, if we were living in the same town.

"Still I beg leave to observe that the composer looks more for the expression of feelings than the figurative; the former he may repeat and develop in all their gradations, but verses like—

> "'Like the spot the tulip weareth
> Deep within its dewy urn;'

or, in Huon's song—

> "'Like hopes that deceive us,
> Or false friends who leave us,
> Soon as descendeth Prosperity's sun;'

must be said only *once*," &c.

These reasonable requests of the composer were not complied with by the author of the words.

[I always felt myself most strongly the necessity of a duet in the situation named by Weber, between Huon and Rezia, and in the Italian version which I arranged for Her Majesty's Theatre I introduced that of Adolar and Euryanthe, "*Hin nimm die Seele mein*," which was generally approved.]

The offer of Fürstenau, the celebrated flutist and member of the Royal Orchestra at Dresden, to accompany the invalid on his journey, presented a glimpse of hope to his anxious wife. He had always been a staunch friend and admirer of Weber, and he remained faithful to his promise to keep up his spirits and spare him the worry and trouble indispensable in travelling. The 16th of February, the day of departure, at last arrived. After a most heartrending farewell he tore himself away from all he cherished most on earth. Everything had been done to provide for his comfort in his travelling carriage, and the variety of incidents on the way, and the cheerfulness of his companion, served to relieve his depression. Having made short stages, the travellers did not reach Paris till the 25th. Weber was very much interested in all he saw on the journey, and thanks to Maurice Schlesinger, his publisher, found a most comfortable home in the French capital. His first resolution had been to remain quite *incognito*, to avoid any excitement, only frequenting one or two of the principal theatres; but his own restlessness, and the wish to make the personal acquaintance of his eminent colleagues then living there, very soon altered this deter-

mination. He called upon Cherubini, Rossini, Berton, Catel, Paer, Auber, and Onslow, each and all giving him the heartiest welcome. Rossini actually overwhelmed him with his kindness; but what was most satisfactory to Weber, Cherubini, who called twice upon him personally, expressed his admiration for him in the most emphatic and genuine manner.

It had become generally known that Weber was in Paris, and at the Grand Opéra, as well as at the Opéra Comique, he was obliged to bow from his box to the manifestations of the public. At the latter theatre he witnessed the first performance of Boieldieu's *La Dame Blanche*, of which he wrote to Theodor Hell, "Such a comic opera has never been composed since Mozart's *Figaro*." He accepted an invitation to dine with Madame Pasta at Schlesinger's, and expressed himself highly enchanted with the talent of the celebrated prima donna, who sang on purpose for his gratification.

The direction of the Grand Opéra was most anxious to arrange if possible the production of his *Euryanthe*, but overcome by all the excitement of this Parisian life, and feeling that he must not tarry any longer, he would and could not entertain other propositions, however flattering. He consequently left the French capital on the 2nd of March, a bitterly cold morning, and arriving at Calais on the 4th, was attacked by a violent fit of coughing, which threatened to suffocate him, so as to excite Fürstenau's greatest alarm. He was not, however, to be detained, and crossed the same day. A good night's rest in Dover enabled him to

continue his journey, and to arrive on the 6th under Sir George Smart's hospitable roof in Great Portland Street.

His first impressions of England could not have been more favourable. In a letter to his wife, after extolling the beautiful appointments of the stage coach, with its four magnificent horses, of which no prince would have been ashamed, and which seemed to fly through the air, he writes: "The meadows covered with the most beautiful green, the gardens with blooming flowers, all the buildings of an elegance and neatness forming an incredible contrast with the dirt in France. . . . March 7th. —I am now excellently cared for in Smart's house. Every possible comfort is studied. . . . A bath-room in the house. . . . Fürstenau lives quite near in the house of a German. . . . I found a number of visiting-cards waiting for my arrival. From the first pianoforte-makers an admirable piano, with a charming note begging me to make them happy by using it during my stay. . . . Everything foretells the most brilliant and profitable result. The whole day till five o'clock belongs to me, then we prepare for dinner, and theatre or company. . . . Kemble is at Bath, but returns the day after to-morrow; this evening we dine with his wife. Afterwards I go to Covent Garden to hear the singers; and then to a concert. To-morrow early I shall begin to work. This morning I only had time to put my things to rights, clean and brush myself; then came your dear letter, which made me so happy. Being alone in England has nothing to make me uneasy. All the ways here are so congenial to my nature, and my little bit of English,

in which I make rapid progress, is of the greatest use to me. . . . Don't be alarmed about the opera, I have really time and rest here because they respect my time; besides, *Oberon* will not be given on Easter Monday, but some days later. . . . People are really too good with their anxious sympathy. . . . No king could receive more proofs of love and interest than myself. I am spoilt in every possible way, nay, I may say almost literally that they carry me in their arms. I take the greatest care of myself, and you may be perfectly tranquil," &c.

Weber conducted a part of the first of the so-called "Oratorio Concerts," for twelve of which he was engaged, on the 8th of March, at Covent Garden. In those medley performances where, long before the existence of the Sacred Harmonic Society, the choral works of Handel might alone be heard, his selections from *Der Freischütz*, *Preciosa*, &c., were performed under the composer's personal direction. These became extremely popular, and, it is needless to say, gave the public an opportunity of showing its predilection for the great musician.

At the Philharmonic concerts, then at the Argyll Rooms, Regent Street, with François Cramer and Mori as leaders, and under a mixed direction, he met with a warm recognition on the part of the orchestra—who discovered him among the audience—but was hardly noticed by the aristocratic subscribers. It was not till the last concert of the series, on April 3rd, when he was invited to conduct the overtures to *Der Freischütz* and *Euryanthe*, performed with irresistible

fire, that he conquered the icy reserve of his critical listeners, and was applauded to the echo.

On the 9th of March he began his rehearsals of *Oberon*, and, sad to tell, the illusions and dreams he had entertained on arriving in London were destined to be one by one cruelly dispelled. The prima donna, Miss Paton (afterwards Mrs. Wood), though gifted with a good voice, and at home on the stage, was wayward, capricious, requesting alterations, abbreviations, &c., in her part. Madame Vestris, so popular in operettas like those of Bishop and Horn, was overweighted in the part of Fatima. Braham, the favourite of the public, found fault with the beautiful *scena* Weber had written for him, and in which one of the principal subjects of the overture forms the leading melody. Being personally attached to the celebrated tenor, and at the recommendation of both Planché and Sir George Smart, Weber, for the first time in his musical career, made a holocaust of his own opinions, and to gratify the singer wrote another *scena*, "Yes, even Love to Fame must yield," quite opposed to the general style of the opera, but well adapted to Braham's vocalisation. Fawcett (Sherasmin), an excellent actor with hardly any, and Bland, a bad actor with an offensive, voice, completed the cast. With the exception of Braham and the charming young Miss Harriet Cawse, who at the eleventh hour undertook the part of Puck, and sang also the Mermaid's song, there was not one of the artists to be compared with the German interpreters of Weber's former masterpieces. The chorus was deficient in strength, and of doubtful intonation; and the com-

paratively scanty orchestra by no means up to the mark. To move and to excite those inert elements, to make them understand his meaning, was the task of the poor sick man, who, however, conquered the shortcomings of this inefficient crew. They actually learnt to sing, almost to feel; and, to tranquillise his anxious wife, he wrote to her after the first rehearsal that he was fully contented with his solo singers, chorus, scenery, dresses, &c. It had been asserted that he would follow in the footsteps of his predecessor of the year before. Rossini by his winning manners and the protection of King George IV., not to speak of his transcendent talent as composer and singer, had captivated the fair representatives of the aristocracy and earned a golden harvest, not only by his engagement at the opera, but by numberless private concerts, lessons, at the rate of from two to five guineas, &c. These prognostications proved fallacious. After the momentary breaking through the rules of English etiquette by the dashing Italian, who treated proud lords and ladies as his equals, everything had relapsed into its former routine. A very different system from that of the Continental towns existed in the fashionable circles of London. Whilst in Germany and in France, Imperial and Royal Princes and Princesses associated on terms of esteem and friendship with distinguished artists; here the latter were considered as costly merchandise. In the huge *réunions* of the aristocracy artists were not expected to mix with the company. Shut up, till everybody had assembled, in a small room, bid by insolent lacqueys to enter the gorgeous drawing-rooms

by a back staircase, even separated in some cases by a cord from the rest of humanity, to avoid any contagion, commanded like any menial to sing their songs, which were accompanied by 600 discordant voices, one striving to be heard above the others, the concert over either directed to take their refreshment in a separate room or to go home supperless—all this considered, it was not to be wondered at that even richly remunerated artists were disgusted with the treatment they received. Weber's ungainly figure formed a sad contrast with that of the handsome Rossini, and, notwithstanding the many letters of introduction from the highest personages in the Fatherland, his professional engagements in *soirées* with the aristocracy were limited to three, though he was honoured with many invitations, which however proved neither pleasant nor profitable. The following is his own description of one of the former. "At half-past ten I drove to Lord Hertford's. Heavens, what a huge company! Splendid rooms; 500 to 600 people assembled, all most brilliantly attired. Nearly all the stars of the Italian Opera company; also Veluti, the celebrated Puzzi, and the not less celebrated double-bass Dragonetti. Every kind of music was sung, but nobody listened to it. The din and noise of the throng were horrible. When I performed there was an endeavour to obtain a little silence, and 100 persons placed themselves sympathetically round me. God alone knows what they heard, for I myself didn't hear much of it. I bore in mind, however, my thirty guineas, and was resigned. At last at two o'clock they went to supper, from which I excused myself."

A delightful contrast which afforded him great satisfaction awaited him however in the highest circles. He had been warmly recommended by his friend and patron, Prince Friedrich of Saxony, to the brother of the Duchess of Kent, Prince Leopold, late King of the Belgians; and to the Duke of Clarence, who had married Princess Adelaide of Meiningen; both these princes giving him the most cordial reception. On the 9th of April, and on the 14th of May, he was invited to intimate family meetings at the Duchess of Kent's, where he met the Duchess of Clarence, Princess Augusta, sister of the King, and the Prince Leopold. A beautiful child of seven years, graceful and merry, delighted the company. This was none other than the Princess Victoria, daughter of the Duchess, and our present Gracious Sovereign. Conversation was carried on in German, and all was so simple, unaffected, and interesting, that he might have fancied himself at one of his friendly social gatherings in Berlin. And when the Duchess of Kent requested him to accompany her in some songs, and producing a book of his own compositions, sang them with pure and sympathetic voice, he was tempted to forget his pains and the horrible oppression at his chest which nightly threatened to suffocate him.

After sixteen most laborious rehearsals of his opera the doors of Covent Garden opened on the 12th of April for his last and one of his greatest triumphs. The crowded house, containing almost every notability, social or artistic, bore witness to the popularity of the man and of his works. Much had been done by the

indefatigable conductor to make the artists one and all enter fully into the spirit of the composition, and the result was a performance as much above the average as the music itself. The overture, embodying as in *Der Freischütz* and *Euryanthe* the chief elements and motives of the opera most skilfully and artistically moulded together, could not fail to inspire even the usually apathetic members of the orchestra, and there was no resisting the universal demand for its repetition. It is certainly akin to its predecessors in effect, but distinguished from them by the Eastern colouring so happily imparted to it. From the first mysterious call of Oberon's magic horn, with the fragment following of the fairy choruses, the march of Charlemagne played *pianissimo*, Huon's *scena*, the quartet of the second act, and Puck's appeal to the spirits, to the conclusion with the irresistible strain taken from Rezia's great air, the interest is not only maintained but goes on increasing. The pieces which riveted the public attention and elicited the greatest applause on this memorable occasion were Huon's grand air in the first act. Fatima's *romanza* and her song "O Araby," the Mermaid's song, and the light fantastic finale of the second act, all re-demanded, and, with the exception of the last, repeated. But every other piece received its full meed of approbation, without a single dissentient voice, to the last note of the opera. When the curtain fell, the entire audience, who had shown the composer their attention and regard by remaining in their places till all was over, rose simultaneously with frantic and unceasing calls for Weber, who at

last appeared, trembling with emotion, exhausted, but happy. Such a distinction was till then unheard-of in England, and worth recording, though of late it has been most indiscriminately bestowed. Weber elated, though completely prostrate, wrote after the performance to his wife: "By God's grace and help I have to-night had such a perfect success as perhaps never before. It is quite impossible to describe the dazzling and touching effect of such a complete and cloudless triumph. God alone be praised for it! When I entered the orchestra the whole house rose as of one accord, and an incredible applause, cheers, waving of hats and handkerchiefs received me and was hardly to be quieted." Then having described the chief incidents of the performance he says, "I ought to tell you a great many other particulars, but I cannot, and must defer it till we can talk it all over at Hosterwitz. The splendour and perfection of the scenery pass all description, and I shall never see the like of it again. They say the expenses amounted to 7,000*l.* Performances are to continue now every evening as long as the singers can hold out. I have undertaken to conduct the twelve first. After that I shall have had enough of it; and I already begin to tremble at the thought that they want to see the opera in Dresden. Fortunately they have not the materials to get it up, and ten horses should not drag me to direct it personally elsewhere."

The reaction unavoidable after such a great exertion was terrible. When Fürstenau entered the master's room the next morning, with some medicine, Weber was lying in his easy chair and murmured faintly, "Go,

go, all these attempts are of no avail. I am a shattered machine. Would to God it could be held together till I might embrace once more my Lina and my boys!" This yearning for home became paramount in every one of his successive letters. Time crept on much too slowly for the home-sick man. The nightly representations of *Oberon*, the late hours to which he was so unaccustomed. the want of rest, mental and physical, could not fail to hasten the final catastrophe. Having been dragged to two or three formal English dinners, where he was obliged to sit four hours at table, drinking wine with every one of the guests, and expected even to make a speech, he now resolved to give up all invitations not quite indispensable, and only received his intimate friends. Among these were Moscheles, whose kindness nothing could exceed, Dr. Kind, his medical adviser, the nephew of his former collaborator, Herr Goschen, father of the present M.P., Fürstenau, and of course Sir George Smart. The influence of the climate contributed also to the depression of his spirits. In a letter of April 18th he says, "This is a day to shoot one's self! Such a dark yellow fog that one can hardly see in the room without a candle. The sun has no rays—only a red patch in the fog, it is truly appalling," &c, &c. With all these drawbacks, however, he managed by the strength of his will not only to conduct the stipulated number of performances, but to give his talent to his friends and colleagues on the occasion of their benefit concerts. This he did for Moscheles, Miss Hawes, Charles Kemble, Miss Paton, and Braham.

The then manager of Drury Lane, to counteract the attractions of Covent Garden, had commissioned the justly popular English composer, Bishop, to write an opera, *Aladdin*, likewise on an Eastern subject taken from the *Arabian Nights*. Weber thus relates what happened on the evening of the 29th of April: "Yesterday was an interesting day; the first performance of my so-called rival's opera *Aladdin*. It was difficult to obtain places: one of the proprietors of the theatre, however, offered me his box, and for that purpose called on me in person. No sooner had I stepped into the box and was seen than the whole house rose and received me with the greatest enthusiasm. This, in a strange theatre and on such an evening, testified clearly to the love of the nation, and much moved and rejoiced me. The opera lasted well from seven to half-past eleven. That is enough to kill the audience and the work. The applause was at first very great. Bishop had the same reception as myself; the overture encored as well as the first romance of Aladdin. But the applause gradually became fainter, and I am sorry to say justly so, for it is a small weak affair, which can scarcely claim the pretence of an opera. A very pretty hunting chorus passed unobserved, and when it was over they whistled in the pit the hunting chorus from *Der Freischütz*. Bishop was not recalled, and the opera may be said to have failed," &c., &c.

At the invitation of the members of the Royal Society of Musicians Weber followed the example of his illustrious predecessors and colleagues, Hadyn, Winter, Hummel, Spohr, &c., and undertook to compose

a march for their anniversary festival, May 13th ; but he was unable to produce an absolute novelty, and therefore arranged for the orchestra a martial movement included in his "Six pièces à quatre mains," written many years before, and unknown in England. His weak trembling hand refused to do its office, and he was obliged to dictate the scoring to Fürstenau, not even being able to witness the performance, which went off very successfully.

The expectations which had been raised of a rich harvest from private engagements being so entirely nullified by the indifferent result, his friends urged him to give a great concert under his own direction, and containing, if possible, one or two novelties from his pen. It was but natural to suppose that the aristocracy, which had hitherto kept aloof, his numberless admirers, besides the 30,000 of his countrymen residing in London would eagerly seize the opportunity of rendering homage to the great German master. Weber was easily persuaded to share that opinion; in fact all his hopes were now centred in this appeal to the public, from which he expected largely to increase the provision for his family. Consequently, with the help of his friends, he organised a most interesting musical entertainment to take place on the 26th of May. A phalanx of the best English artists offered their services on the occasion : Miss Paton, Madame Caradori-Allan, Miss H. Cawse, Miss Stephens, now the Dowager Countess of Essex ; Messrs. Braham, Sapio and Phillips, besides a complete chorus, including the members of the choir of St. Paul's Cathedral; an orchestra composed of

the first instrumental performers in London, amongst whom were Mori, Loder, Lindley, &c.; Kiesewetter the famous *virtuoso* on the violin, who lent the charm of his talent; Fürstenau who played one of his exquisite solos—all these formed an *ensemble* almost unapproachable. Weber himself, who in compliance with the request of Miss Stephens had promised to set to music the words of Tom Moore, "From Chindara's warbling fount I come," and who with his wonted conscientiousness read the whole poem of "Lalla Rookh" in order to give that special piece the right meaning and colouring, was to accompany the popular vocalist on the occasion. His jubilee cantata, cleverly adapted to English words by Hampden Napier, and now called the *The Festival of Peace*, was to be performed for the first time in England. The programme included also the so popular overtures of *Euryanthe* and *Oberon*. Messrs. Moscheles, Hawes, Fawcett, Fürstenau and Sir George Smart had undertaken the whole management of the concert, and thus everything seemed to promise a gratifying result. Weber himself, however, remembering his evil star, had some vague forebodings which were expressed in a letter to his Lina on the 19th. "This day week is my concert. My heart beats strangely when I think of it. I am so over anxious as to the result. They are my two last and most important chances, the concert and my coming benefit at the theatre. When I reflect what they cost me—and if they did not answer to my modest hopes—it would be very hard." The same day he rehearsed his new song with Miss Stephens, having only been able to write down the voice

part. The great artist entered at once into the spirit of the composition, which she afterwards rendered so admirably at the concert. The general rehearsal, conducted by Mori, with Weber sitting in an arm-chair, went off with great *éclat* and to the complete satisfaction of the master, who only on one occasion raised his voice from the customary whisper. The chorus in a prayer, an appeal to the Deity in the cantata, began to sing at the top of their voices; Weber stopped them at once, exclaiming—"Hush, hush, would you scream like that in the presence of God?"

Nothing, unfortunately, could have been more unpropitious than the day selected. Not only did Epsom Races absorb the great bulk of the public, but a concert, given by the Italianised Belgian, Signor Begrez, a fashionable professor of singing, at the mansion of the Duke of St. Alban's, attracted all the leading ladies of the aristocracy, and resulted in a clear benefit of 400 guineas for the concert-giver. The whole day the rain came down in torrents, and when Weber, leaning on the arm of Sir George Smart, entered the Argyll Rooms, his heart sank on beholding it not quite half filled. The scanty audience made up as best they could for their deficiency in number, by vociferous demonstrations, re-demanding a chorus in the cantata, and Weber's new song accompanied by his own trembling hands. These were the last notes he ever played on the piano. After the overture to *Euryanthe* he had hardly strength to reach the artists' room, and was led almost fainting to a sofa. His friends gathered mournfully around him; whilst grasping Goschen's hand he whispered with a

bitter smile, "What do you say to it? This is Weber in London!" His heart, till then so full of hope, was broken at last; in silence, but suffering heavily, he was conveyed home. The next day, feeling somewhat better, and with that delicacy of feeling which was one of his chief characteristics, he tried to conceal from his poor wife the wreck of his hopes, writing thus: "Financial business has not been good of late. My concert of the 26th was artistically the most brilliant I ever gave, orchestra, chorus, all did their best. All were zealous to serve me. The applause beyond anything enthusiastic. . . but the receipts, which I don't know fully yet (the net profit amounted to 96*l.*, 11*s.*) were very mediocre, and throw me back very much in my plans. My benefit is now fixed for Monday, June 5th. The first performance of *Der Freischütz* entirely restored according to the original score. Who knows whether it will then please so much? first impressions decide everything; that representation is sure to attract a large audience. But afterwards I have to conduct the opera five times gratuitously," &c. Though this letter was written in apparently good spirits, the alteration in the handwriting, until now so firm and clear, but in the present instance irregular and sometimes illegible, proved more than anything the consequences of the shock he had received the day before.

Ever since that fatal 26th of May the disease had assumed such alarming dimensions that Dr. Kind demanded and obtained a consultation with an eminent English physician, to which the poor patient submitted. It was decided then that he must give up every thought

of appearing again in public, that of course his projected benefit was to be abandoned at once, and the most absolute rest from all excitement was to be strictly observed. Far from being cast down by this apparently severe measure, which deprived him of the last chance of realising his dream of independence for his family, he became quite elated. What was foremost in his thoughts was that unspeakable desire of being once more with his beloved ones; and now there could be no further obstacle to his immediate departure, which he fixed for the 6th of June. To the urgent entreaties of his medical advisers and of all his friends to suspend such a perilous undertaking he turned a deaf ear, and wrote in the following half-jocular, half-tender way to his wife: "There dwells a feeling of impatience in me! You won't see many more letters from me, so now receive my stern commands: do not answer this letter to London, but direct to Frankfurt *poste restante.* You are astonished? Well then, yes, I shall *not* go to Paris. What could I do there? I cannot walk, I cannot speak. I want to banish business for years to come; much better take the direct route home from Calais by Brussels, Cologne, Coblenz, down the Rhine to Frankfurt, what a glorious journey! Though obliged to travel slowly and to take sometimes half a day's rest—we shall gain at least a fortnight, and in the last days of June I hope to clasp you in my arms." Nothing else was to interfere with this journey; records of London and gifts for his friends at Dresden were bought, and the only object of his conversation was this inexhaustible theme of travel. Once more for the last time he wrote to

his wife on the 2nd of June, in the following touching words :—

"What joy, my dearest wife, did your dear letter of the 22nd bring me. What happiness for me to know that you are all so well. But for myself unfortunately I am still very excited and suffering. Good heavens, only to be once seated in the carriage! My concert succeeded better than I expected. I have about 100*l.* over, a great deal for Germany, very little for London. . . . If only *Der Freischütz* on Monday next were over![1] But God will give me strength. Since yesterday I have had a large mustard-plaster on my chest, that is to do away with that horrible difficulty of breathing, &c. &c. You seem to be enjoying life with daily visitors! Well done, I prefer that to your money being spent at the chemist's. God grant that I may help you when I return. I have the best intention of doing so. As this letter requires no answer it must necessarily be very short. Isn't it nice not to be obliged to answer? Fürstenau has given up his concert. This may enable me to come perhaps even a few days sooner—Hurrah! May God bless you all. . . . and keep you well. Would I were amidst you! I send you my tenderest kisses, my beloved wife; preserve your love for me, and think joyfully of him who cherishes you above all.

"CARL."

From Moscheles, who came to see him on the 3rd, he took most affectionate leave, thanking him for the numberless proofs of his friendship and attachment.

[1] He had evidently not even then given up the idea of his benefit.

On the 4th, when Goschen, accompanied by Dr. Kind, came to bid him farewell, he said, "Have you any message for your father? I shall tell him that his son was a dear friend to me in London." In the evening of that day he lay exhausted in an armchair surrounded by Sir George Smart, Fürstenau, Goschen, and Moscheles. His friends insisted that he should go early to rest, and Fürstenau and Smart conducted him to his room. He refused the offer of the former to watch at his bedside, nor would he consent to forego his usual habit of bolting his door. With his accustomed punctuality he wound up his watch, shook hands with his faithful companion, and his last words were, "Now let me sleep."

Early on the morning of the 5th, when Sir George Smart's servant knocked at Weber's door he received no answer. He knocked again and again, but without result. Alarmed, he went to his master, who rushed immediately to the room. Fürstenau was sent for and arrived, anticipating the worst. After repeated fruitless attempts to be heard they burst the door open and approached the bed. There the beloved friend lay lifeless—his head resting on his hand as if in sweet slumber; no traces of his suffering could be seen in those noble features. His spirit had fled—home indeed! So quiet, so unchanged was the aspect of the master, that it seemed impossible he should not be any longer amongst the living, and only when a medical man, summoned in haste, declared that life had been extinct five or six hours, did they begin to realise their loss. Nothing could exceed the sympathy felt by all classes on hearing of the sad event. The corpse was embalmed,

and after many unavoidable delays a resting place was found in the far-distant Moorfields Chapel, where on the 17th of June an imposing funeral service with Mozart's Requiem, sung by Madame Caradori-Allan, Miss Paton, Braham, and Lablache, was held, in the presence of all the musical celebrities of the metropolis.

Seventeen years later, and that irresistible yearning for home which had haunted him during the last days of his existence, was at last to be fulfilled. The repeated endeavours of the widow and sons, nay, of the German nation, to have the mortal remains of the dear master transferred to his native soil were crowned with success, chiefly through the energy of Richard Wagner, then Capellmeister in Dresden. The coffin was landed in Hamburg on the 20th of October, 1844, but did not reach Dresden till the 14th of December, owing to the Elbe being frozen. The solemnity of that evening was worthy of the occasion; thousands thronged to the Catholic cemetery in the Friedrichsstadt, where Madame Schroeder-Devrient, with all the artists belonging to the theatre, paid homage to his memory, covering the coffin with laurel crowns and flowers. In the family vault, where his younger son, Alexander, had been buried only a fortnight before, Weber's body was laid. He was again at home, and the flowers on his grave were tended by his beloved Lina.

Richard Wagner's farewell to Weber at his grave echoed truly the feelings of his countrymen: "There never was a more German composer than thou; in whatever-distant fathomless realms of fancy thy genius bore thee, it remained bound by a thousand tender links to

the heart of thy German people, with whom it wept or smiled like a believing child listening to the legends and tales of its country. Yes, it was thy childlike simplicity which guided thy manly spirit, like a guardian angel, keeping it pure and chaste, and that purity was thy chief characteristic. . . . Till death didst thou preserve that supreme virtue. Thou couldst never sacrifice it or alienate this beautiful inheritance of thy German origin; thou couldst never betray us. Behold the Briton does thee justice, the Frenchman admires thee, but only the German can *love* thee! Thou art his own, a bright day in his life, a drop of his blood, a particle of his heart!"

CATALOGUE OF THE WORKS OF CARL MARIA VON WEBER.

I. WORKS PUBLISHED WITH OPUS NUMBER.

1798, Op. 1.

Sechs Fughetten. First orig. edit. in type (very rare), Mayr, Salzburg; Berlin, Schlesinger (R. Lienau), edited by C. Reinecke.

This first attempt at composition of the boy Weber at the age of eleven can only be regarded as a musical curiosity, and has no intrinsic value, notwithstanding the favourable opinion of Michael Haydn. Some of the subjects have been employed by Weber in a quartet of his opera "Peter Schmoll," and in his Mass in E flat.

1800, Op. 2.

Sechs Variationen fürs Klavier oder Pianoforte, über ein Original-thema. First orig. edit. pub. by composer himself, in Munich; Berlin, Schlesinger (Lienau), ed. of C. Reinecke.

This work, dedicated by the boy composer in his thirteenth year to his master Kalcher at Munich, calls for no comment, being an immature trifle.

1801, Op. 3.

Six petites pièces faciles pour le pianoforte à quatre mains. First orig. edit., Augsburg, Gombart.

1801, Op. 4.

Douze Allemandes pour le pianoforte. First orig. edit., Augsburg, Gombart; Berlin, Schlesinger (Leinau), ed. C. Reinecke.

1804, Op. 5.

Huit variations pour le pianoforte, sur l'air de ballet de "Castor et Pollux," par M. l'Abbé Vogler. First orig. edit; Vienna, Joseph Eder; Berlin, Schlesinger (Lienau), of Reinecke.

A great step in advance is to be remarked in these variations, and traces of talent and originality may be found principally in the first, second, fifth, and last of the set. Henselt has modernised some of the variations with great skill.

1804, Op. 6.

Six variations pour le pianoforte, avec accompagnement d'un violon et violoncelle ad libitum, sur l'air de Naza: *Woher mag dies wohl kommen?* aus Vogler's Oper "Samori."

First orig. edit. with violin and violoncello, lith. Vienna, Steiner and Haslinger.

About on a level with the preceding work. A funeral march; var. No. 5 shows an interesting variety of harmonic turns. The accompaniments add nothing to the effect of the piece, only doubling occasionally the melody, or filling in the harmony.

1807, Op. 7.

Sept variations pour le pianoforte, sur l'air "Vien quà, Dorina bella," etc. (par Bianchi) "dédiées à sa majesté la Reine de Westphalie." First orig. edit. with dedication, Augsburg, Gombart.

This is unquestionably the work which first contributed to spread Weber's popularity as a pianoforte writer. Its chief distinctions are an originality of treatment, an elegance and variety which make it stand prominent, even now, amongst the standard works of composers for the pianoforte.

1807, Op. 8.

"Grande ouverture à plusieurs instruments," also named "Ouvertüre zu Peter Schmoll," also "Ouverture pour les fêtes musicales d'Allemagne," also "Concert Ouvertüre," also "Ouvertüre in Es." First orig. edit., orchestral parts only, Augsburg, Gombart. Published as pianoforte duet and solo, Berlin, Schlesinger; full score, Leipzig, Peters; Paris, Richault.

This overture, originally composed for the unpublished opera, "Peter Schmoll und seine Nachbaren," in 1801, was entirely re-scored and partly rewritten by the author in 1807.

1808, Op. 9.

Thème original, varié pour le pianoforte. First orig. edit., Offenbach, André.

A brilliant and effective composition.

1809, Op. 10.

Six pièces pour le pianoforte à quatre mains, dedicated "à leurs altesses Sérénissimes Mesdames les Princesses Marie et Amélie de Wurttemberg." First orig. edit., Augsburg, Gombart.

One of the most popular works of Weber. It is as fresh now as when composed more than seventy years ago; every one of the pieces having a peculiar charm of its own.

1810, Op. 11.

Grand concerto en Ut Majeur (C major) "No, 1," pour pianoforte. First orig. edit., complete, Offenbach, André.

A most graceful and effective work. The crescendo employed by the composer at the end of the Adagio in A flat will not be easily forgotten by those who have had the privilege of hearing it. The skilful interweaving of the two principal subjects in the last movement, which is full of grace and fire, contributed to its popular success.

1808, Op. 12.

Momento capriccioso per il pianoforte, dedicated to Meyerbeer. First orig. edit., Augsburg, Gombart.

Up to this day one of the most taking concert pieces, performed by Liszt, Hans von Bülow, Tausig, Madame Schumann, Madame Essipoff, etc.

1810, Op. 13.

Canon, "Mädchen, ach meide" (comp. 1802)
Liebeszauber, "Mädel, schau nur" (1807)
Lied, "Sanftes Licht" (1809)
Die Schäferstunde (1810)
Wiegenlied (1810)
Die Zeit (1810)

First orig. edit., Augsburg, Gombart.

The Wiegenlied has, ever since its composition, taken its place among the national songs of Germany.

1808, Op. 14.

Der erste Ton. Poem by Fr. Rochlitz with melodramatic music and final chorus.

First orig. edit., orchestral and vocal parts, Bonn, Simrock. Arrangement for the pianoforte by composer.

This work is the first of a more serious and extended character; though limited in the first part to instrumental effects only, it concludes with an elaborate chorus terminating with a fugue. It was received with much favour at its successive performances in Mannheim, Munich, Prague, Leipzig and Frankfurt. It deserves to be saved from oblivion, as it contains many bold and happy innovations, and will, no doubt, interest all the admirers of Weber.

SIX SONGS. Op. 15.

1. Meine Lieder, meine Sänge (comp. 1809).
2. Ein steter Kampf ist unser Leben (1808).
3. Ach wenn ich nur ein Liebchen hätt' (1809).
4. Was zieht zu deinem Zauberkreise (1809).
5. Ich sah ein Röschen am Wege stehn (1809).
6. Ein Echo kenn' ich (1808).

First orig. edit., Bonn, Simrock.

No. 1. of this collection is a kind of preface to the rest, both poetical and musical; the words written by an amateur, Wilhelm Count Löwenstein-Wertheim, and most skilfully appropriated by Weber. The 2nd is one of the most passionate and effective of the composer's songs, and remarkable also as having been composed in prison at Stuttgart. The other four, but principally Nos. 3 and 4, are still favourites with German artists and amateurs, the latter being sung with rare excellency by Weber himself, who had a special predilection for it.

1810, Op. 16.

Rec. and Rondo, Il momento s'avvicina, for a soprano voice. First orig. edit. orchest. parts with pianoforte score with Italian and German words. Offenbach, André; Berlin, Schlesinger (Lienau).

One (the shortest) of six grand concert arias written for the best lady vocalists in Germany of that period. It was performed for the first time at Heidelberg by Luise Frank, to whom it is dedicated.

1810, Op. 17.

Designated by Weber as second Op. 10; in Schlesinger's last edition, Op. 13.

Six sonates progressives pour le pianoforte avec violon obligé. dediées aux amateurs. Two books of three sonatas each. First orig. edit., Bonn, Simrock.

This work, written to order for the house of André in Offenbach, gave the author no end of trouble. The task was evidently not to his liking, and though he tried hard to give variety by treating the different sonatas, two in the Polish, one in the Russian, one in the Spanish, and one in the Sicilian national style, they are dry, laboured, and not characteristic of Weber's fine qualities as an original composer. When brought to André, he refused them on the plea that they were too good, probably meaning the reverse, and the composer himself never entertained a very high opinion of their merits. Moscheles prepared an amended edition of these sonatas for Chappell, but, though musically improved, the original ideas of the composer are too often tampered with, and cannot therefore be recognised as Weber's own.

1809, Op. 18 (see Op. 11).

Grand quatuor pour le pianoforte, violin, alto, et violoncelle. First orig. edit., Bonn, Simrock; in score, Paris, Richault; London, Chappell, Cramer; Milan, Ricordi; Berlin, Schlesinger; etc., etc.

Weber had in his own enumeration marked this work as Op. 11. The pianoforte concerto published as Op. 11 he numbers Op. 18. It would be desirable to restore the succession of works according to his own wish. We have little of elaborate chamber music in the otherwise rich stores of Carl Maria's creations. There are only three pieces, the above quartet, the concertant duet for clarionet and pianoforte (Op. 48), and the trio for flute, piano, and violoncello (Op. 63). The quartet is the most pretentious with regard to contrapuntal writing, but not the most successful. There is a stiffness and awkwardness in the imitations, and what the Germans call *Durchführung*, which very often mars the otherwise abundant richness of ideas. This is principally remarkable in the first Allegro. The Adagio, though more felicitous, is deficient in unity of design. In the Presto Weber reveals himself; there are fewer attempts at scholastic erudition, greater freedom in the treatment of the parts, and consequently more effect as a whole in the construction of this spirited movement. The second subject recalls vividly the Allegro Brillante (Op. 62).

1807, Op. 19.

Sinfonia in C. (No. 1.) Dedicated to Gottfried Weber of Mannheim. First orig. edit. orchestral parts, Offenbach, André; Paris, Richault.

Written for a small orchestra, this work shows much less of Weber's individuality than might be expected. He follows as strictly as possible the example of Haydn, but in the working out of the different subjects is far behind the Father of the Symphony. The Scherzo and the Finale are the best movements.

1808, Op. 20.

Grand pot-pourri pour le violoncelle, avec accompagnement de l'Orchestre. Dedicated to his friend Graff (a celebrated violoncellist). First orig. edit., Bonn, Simrock.

A brilliant show piece for the violoncello, without any particular musical value.

1808, Op. 21.

Grande polonaise pour le pianoforte, in E flat. Dedicated to the actress Margarethe Lang. First orig. edit. Bonn, Simrock.

This is the first of the four most popular pianoforte pieces of Weber, which since their appearance have formed the delight of every true lover of music. The other three are Rondo in E flat, Polacca brillante in E major, and the "Invitation à la Valse."

1808, Op. 22.

9 Variations sur un air Norvégien, for piano and violin. First orig. edit., Berlin, Schlesinger.

A very interesting and effective concert piece, maintaining all through the distinctive character of the plaintive national air.

SIX SONGS. Op. 23.

1. Meine Farben, "Wollt ihr sie kennen?" (1808).
2. Rhapsodie, "Traurig, einsam welkst du hin" (1809).
3. Maienblümlein, "Maienblümlein so schön" (1811).
4 Sonett, "Du liebes, holdes, himmelsüsses Wesen" (1812).
5. "Heisse stille Liebe schwebet" (1812).
6. An eine Freundin, "Zur Freude ward geboren" (1812).

First orig. edit. in type, Berlin, Schlesinger.

Of these songs, the first, full of quaint conceits, and besides, most original by its changes of rhythm and expression, carries the palm. No. 4, a most tender love ditty, admirably conceived, and overcoming the difficulty of the sonnet metre with wonderful skill, ought to be more generally known.

1812, Op. 24.

Grosse Sonate für Pianoforte C. No. 1. Dedicated "A son Altesse Impériale Madame la Grand-Duchesse Marie Paulowna, Princesse héréditaire de Saxe-Weimar." First orig. edit., Berlin. Schlesinger.

In this work Weber revealed himself at once as one of the greatest tone poets for the pianoforte, equal in this form to Mozart, Haydn, Clementi, Dussek, Hummel, and only inferior perhaps to Beethoven. The entire construction teems with surprising and nearly always happy innovations. The first Allegro, stately and grand, the Adagio, in turns plaintive and heroic, the Minuet and Trio alternately playful and majestic, the Rondo (Moto continuo or Perpetuum mobile), up to this day adopted by every pianiste great or small, re-arranged with the additional difficulties of the modern school by Henselt, and adapted as a study for the left hand by Brahms. The performance of the work by the author himself has never been equalled by any of his successors. Having the advantage of a very large hand, and being able to play tenths with the same facility as octaves, Weber produced the most startling effects of sonority, and possessed also the power, like Rubinstein, to elicit an almost vocal quality of tone where delicacy or deep expression were required.

Op. 25.

1. Liebe-Glühen, "In der Berge Riesenschatten" (1812).
2. "Ueber die Berge mit Ungestüm" (1811).
3. "Lass mich schlummern, Herzlein, schweige" (1811).
4. Bettlerlied, "I und mein junges Weib" (1812).
5. "Umringt vom muthérfüllten Heere" (1811).

First orig. edit. Berlin, Gröbenschütz u. Seiler; Hamburg and Leipzig, Schuberth and Co.; Berlin, Schlesinger (Lienau).

No. 2 is one of the most striking and popular of Weber's compositions, and has become a household word in every German family.

No. 4, in the Bavarian dialect, and overflowing with humour, touches irresistibly the popular chord, forestalling the composer's charming Volkslieder.

The whole set is impregnated with the author's now fully established individuality, nay, here and there, mannerism.

1811, Op. 26.

Concertino für clarinette. First orig. edit., Leipzig, Peters.

The first of a series of compositions of great merit, written on purpose for and dedicated to his faithful friend H. Baermann, one of the most eminent soloists on the clarionet who ever lived.

1811, Op. 27.

Ouvertüre zum Beherrscher der Geister (Ruler of the Spirits). First orig. edit., score, Leipzig, Peters. Published in score and arranged for the pianoforte as duet in numerous editions, and in all countries.

This entirely re-constructed, and partly re-written overture, belonged in its original and now lost form, to the unfinished opera "Rübezahl," composed at Breslau in years 1804-5. It is perhaps of all the instrumental preludes of the composer of "Der Freischütz," the most regular, complete, and musician-like. No flaw from the fiery beginning to the end of the exciting peroration can be detected; all is harmonious, rhythmical, a work of beauty.

1812, Op. 28.

Sieben Variationen für das Pianoforte, über die Romanze aus Méhul's Oper "Joseph" (A peine au sortir de l'enfance). First orig. edit., Leipzig, Bureau de Musique (Kühner).

Undoubtedly the most important set of variations by Weber, a showy brilliant concert piece, replete with difficulties of style and execution, which to conquer will reward any musical student. There is in this a greater freedom of treatment and independence of idea than in the celebrated Op. 7, and the Variations 3, 4, and the finale, are specially remarkable.

TRE CANZONETTE. 1811, Op. 29.

1. "Ah dove siete."
2. "Ninfe se liete."
3. "Ch' io mai vi possa."

First orig. edit., Berlin, Schlesinger (Lienau).

Graceful and elegant specimens of Weber's composition in the Italian style; almost unknown to the general public.

Op. 30.

1. Wiedersehn, "Jüngst sass ich am Grabe der Trauten allein." (1804).
2. Lied, "Es stürmt auf der Flur" (1813).
3. Unbefangenheit, "Frage mich immer, fragest umsonst" (1813).
4. Minnelied, "Der Holdseligen sonder Wank" (1813).
5. Reigen, "Sagt mir an, was schmunzelt ihr" (1813).
6. Lied, "Sind es Schmerzen, sind es Freuden" (1813).

First orig. edit., Berlin, Schlesinger (Lienau).

One of the most interesting collections of Weber's songs. No. 1, belonging to the sentimental and early period of the author's life; the third, a delightful, quaint ditty; the fourth, a real German Volkslied, simple, yet quite original; the fifth, a most characteristic song, reminding one of the merry solo of Kilian in the introduction of "Der Freischütz."

THREE DUETS. 1811, Op. 31.

1. "Se il mio ben."
2. "Mille volte."
3. "Va ti consola."

First orig. edit., Berlin, Schlesinger (Lienau).

These duets, like the canzonettes (Op. 29), give proof of the versatility of Weber's genius, he here having appropriated to himself the peculiarities of the Italian style with the happiest result. They were dedicated to Queen Caroline of Bavaria. No. 1 was written for two ladies with exceptionally deep alto voices, Charlotte Mangold and Frau Schönberger. The latter even sang the tenor part of Belmonte in Mozart's "Seraglio" without changing a note. The effect of this duet with the obbligato accompaniment of clarionet for H. Baermann seems to have been magical. The other two numbers were for soprano voices.

1812, Op. 32.

Grand Concerto (E flat, No. 2) pour le pianoforte, dédié à son Altesse Serenissime, Monseigneur le Duc regnant de Saxe-Gotha

et Altenburg, Emil Leopold August. First orig. edit., Berlin, Schlesinger (Lienau).

The second and most difficult concerto of Weber, who performed it extensively on his artistic tour, being then in the full ripeness of his talent as pianist, and combining to a rare degree delicacy and power of execution. The Adagio with its romantic introduction for divided violins con sordini is a gem, and the last movement as brilliant as any of the modern pianists could desire.

1811, Op. 33.

Sieben Variationen für Clarinette und Pianoforte über ein Thema aus Weber's Oper "Silvana." First orig. edit., Berlin, Schlesinger (Lienau).

A graceful and effective concert piece for both instruments without any particular difficulties for the pianist.

1815, Op. 34.

Grosses Quintett für Clarinette, 2 Violinen, Viola und Violoncell. First orig. edit., published in parts, Berlin, Schlesinger (Lienau), also the full score.

This work, rather for clarionet solo, with accompaniment of quartet, than a regular quintet, has evidently been inspired by the similar work of Mozart. It is esteemed one of the most grateful concert pieces for the clarionet, and its neglect, considering the scarcity of similar compositions of such merit, is only to be accounted for by the fact that the stringed instruments perform only a secondary part, instead of being interwoven with the solo as in Mozart's.

1813, Op. 35.

Andante e Rondo Ongarese per il Fagotto principale, with orchestral accompaniment. First orig. edit., Berlin, Schlesinger (Lienau).

This solo, originally composed for the viola, was subsequently adapted by the author for the bassoon. It is a showy, and at the same time musician-like, piece, doubly acceptable, inasmuch as there are so very few solos for that instrument worthy of commendation.

1812, Op. 36.

Hymne "In Seiner Ordnung schafft der Herr." For four solo voices, chorus, and orchestra. Words by Fr. Rochlitz. First orig. edit. pianoforte score by Wollank; Berlin, Schesinger (Lienau). New edition with additions by Liszt, Leipzig and New York, Schuberth and Co.

A noble and dignified work, which like many others from the same pen has not found yet recognition such as it deserves. The final fugue belongs to the best written by Weber.

1809, Op. 37.

Musik zu Turandot. Play in Five Acts (adapted from the Italian of Gozzi) by Schiller. First orig. edit., orchestral parts, Berlin, Schlesinger (Lienau). Overture only in score, same publishers.

The overture is a musical *jeu d'esprit* built entirely upon the few opening bars of Chinese melody; as such it is clever and original, though by no means equal to the other instrumental preludes of the great master.

1816, Op. 38.

Divertimento assai facile per la chitarre ed il pianoforte. First orig. edit., Berlin, Schlesinger (Lienau).

The title indicates the character of these unpretending and pretty trifles. Weber was an admirable performer on the guitar, and knew all the peculiarities of the instrument to perfection.

1816, Op. 39.

Grosse Sonate für Pianoforte, A flat, No. 2. First orig. edit. Berlin, Schlesinger.

With regard to originality of form, deep pathos, and poetical feeling, perhaps the grandest and most complete composition of the master. It would be difficult to name another piece of the same dimensions containing so many fascinating melodies, such a continuous flow of noble ideas alternating with bursts of passion, and, one might say, musical eloquence of the highest order. It is a poem more than a sonata, and there is not one of the pianists of our epoch who has not included this masterpiece in his *répertoire*. Its distinctive features might perhaps be traced to this special period of Weber's career, when his whole soul was wrapt up in the love of his future partner for life, Caroline Brandt.

1815, Op. 40.

"Air Russe" (Schöne Minka) "varié pour le pianoforte, et dédié à son Altesse Impériale Madame la Grande-Duchesse Marie Paulowna, Princesse héréditaire de Saxe Weimar." First orig. edit., Berlin, Schlesinger (Lienau).

The subject, a well-known Russian national melody, and quite the rage in Germany during the war against France, has been most ingeniously treated by Weber, though the predominant minor key in seven of the variations gives the whole a rather monotonous melancholy tinge. No. 7 with the melody in the bass is the most striking and effective of the variations.

1814, Op. 41.

"Leyer und Schwert" (Lyre and Sword). Words by Theodor Körner.

SONGS.

1. Gebet während der Schlacht, "Vater, ich rufe dich."
2. Abschied vom Leben, "Die Wunde brennt."
3. Trost, "Herz, lass dich nicht zerspalten."
4. Mein Vaterland, "Was ist des Sängers Vaterland."

First orig. edit., Berlin, Schlesinger (Lienau). Four part-songs for men's voices.

1814, Op. 42.

1. Reiterlied I., "Frisch auf mit raschem Flug."
2. Lützow's wilde Jagd, "Was glänzt dort im Walde im Sonnenschein."
3. Gebet vor der Schlacht, "Hör' uns, Allmächtiger!"
4. Männer und Buben, "Das Volk steht auf, der Sturm bricht los."
5. Trinklied vor der Schlacht, "Schlacht, du brichst an."
6. Schwertlied, "Du Schwert an meiner Linken."

First orig. edit., Berlin, Schlesinger (Lienau).

Had Weber composed nothing but these soul-stirring songs his name would remain immortal wherever a German heart beats. To say to which of the songs or of the choruses to give the preference would be almost impossible, as each bears the stamp of inspiration, and is perfect taken singly. Never were poetry and song so thoroughly knitted together, and it is impossible to separate the words from the music or the music from

the words. These are national melodies in their highest expression. "Lützow's wilde Jagd" and "Das Schwertlied" will be the musical watchwords with "Die Wacht am Rhein" whenever an appeal is made to the Germans for the defence of their country.

1816, Op. 43.

Bei der Musik des Prinzen Louis Ferdinand von Preussen, "Düstre Harmonieen hör' ich klingen." Words from Körner's "Lyre and Sword." First orig. edit. with illustrated title-page representing Körner's monument, and poetical introduction by Clemens Brentano. Berlin, Schlesinger (Lienau).

A touching tribute to the memory of Prince Louis Ferdinand of Prussia, not only a brave soldier, but a highly distinguished musician, whose style resembles closely that of Dussek, and whose Quartet in F minor is considered a classical piece. The prince fell in battle against the French at Saalfeld, and Weber, employing some of the chief motives of his compositions, and principally those of the above-mentioned quartet, as an accompaniment to an original melody which he added, skilfully adapted it to the words of Körner.

1815, Op. 44.

Kampf und Sieg (Battle and Victory), Cantate zur Feier der Vernichtung des Feindes im Juni 1815, bei Belle-Alliance und Waterloo. For four solo voices, chorus and orchestra. Words by Wohlbrück. First orig. edit., full score, Berlin, Schlesinger (Lienau).

Beethoven had celebrated the liberation of Germany by his battle-piece "Die Schlacht bei Vittoria," but this composition, written to order, though not deficient in many respects, is generally considered one of his feeblest efforts. Not so this cantata; almost the culminating point of the new line of composition initiated in "Lyre and Sword." It was received with enthusiasm at its first production at Prague, Munich, Berlin, &c., and revived with equal success at Berlin, in 1866 and 1870. Several attempts to perform this work in England have proved failures. Maybe the idea of giving "God save the King," as representing the English army, instead of a martial strain, or indicating the French attack by the worn-out "Malbrouk s'en va-t-en guerre," or the Prussians by the "Jäger Marsch," was not considered equal to the tremendous subject treated; and thus the numerous beauties of the work were not appreciated by the British public.

1806, Op. 45. (Rescored in 1815.)

Concertino für Horn mit Orchester. Written for Weber's friend, Dautrevaux, a celebrated *virtuoso* on the French horn. First orig. edit., orchestral parts only, Leipzig, Peters; arranged for two performers; Paris, Richault.

The care with which Carl Maria not only studied the individuality of each instrument, but practised with the best *virtuosi* to become acquainted with the style and form most advantageous to the solo performer, was the chief cause of his mastery and command of orchestral effects. The above composition, esteemed as one of the best for that difficult instrument, the French horn, is an evident proof of the great master's talent in that line.

1816, Op. 46.

Die Temperamente beim Verluste der Geliebten (The Temperaments on the loss of the Beloved One). 1, Der Leichtmüthige (the sanguine); 2, Der Schwermüthige (the melancholic); 3, Der Liebewüthige (the choleric); 4, Der Gleichmüthige (the phlegmatic). First orig. edit., Berlin, Schlesinger (Lienau).

A most remarkable composition, containing melodies of the most antagonistic character, intended to express the conditions of mind mentioned above, each character being ably sustained from beginning to end; it is very little known even in Germany, and would prove a valuable acquisition to any intelligent vocalist.

Op. 47.

1. Die gefangenen Sänger, "Vöglein, einsam in dem Bauer" (1816).
2. Die freien Sänger, "Vöglein, hüpfet in dem Haine" (1816).
3. Ballade, "Was stürmet die Haide herauf?" (1815).
4. Der Jüngling und die Spröde, "Weile, Kind" (1816).
5. Mein Verlangen, "Ach wär' ich doch zu dieser Stund'" (1816).
6. Gebet an die Geliebte, "Alles in mir glühet zu lieben" (1814). First orig. edit., Berlin, Schlesinger.

Of this collection, Nos. 4 and 5 have achieved the greatest popularity, though there is much to admire and love in all. No. 4 is often sung in turn by a male and a female voice, containing the declaration of a love-sick swain, and the curt replies of the object of his affection.

1816, Op. 48.

Grand duo concertant pour pianoforte et clarinette. First orig. edit. Berlin, Schlesinger.

The most effective duet ever written for these two instruments, and altogether one of Weber's happiest efforts. It was composed originally for his life-long friend, Baermann, and is well known to musical amateurs in England by the masterly performance of Mr. H. Lazarus. Hans von Bülow has arranged it most skilfully as a duet for two pianos.

1816, Op. 49.

Grosse Sonate für Pianoforte, D minor, No. III. Dedicated to Weber's godchild, daughter of his friend, Professor H. Lichtenstein. First orig. edit., Berlin, Schlesinger.

Less graceful than the first sonata in C, less tender and expressive than the second in A flat, this work is distinguished, principally in the first Allegro, by its almost savage and often abrupt character, tempered however by a charming melody. The Andante, beginning like a "Lied ohne Worte," forms a most effective contrast to its predecessor, and the Finale, with its three subjects gradually introduced and then entwined, is to this day a touchstone for the most eminent pianists—full of fire and life, and effective from beginning to end.

1811, Op. 50.

Scena ed Aria d'Atalia (soprano) "Misera me!" Composta per uso della Signora Beyermann. First orig. edit., pianoforte score, with orchest. parts, Berlin, Schlesinger (Lienau); full score, edit. by Jähns, same publishers; Paris, Richault.

The second of the grand concert arias of Weber, composed for one of the celebrated prima donnas of the period, containing many fine points, but rather diffuse and disjointed.

1815, Op. 51.

Scena ed Aria dell' Opera Ines de Castro. "Non paventar mia vita." For Mad. Helene Harlas, prima donna at the Royal Opera, Munich. First orig. edit., pianoforte score and orchest. parts, Berlin, Schlesinger (Lienau); full score, edit. by Jähns, same publishers.

Another of the set of six concert arias, composed for a distinguished vocalist of that period, Mad. Harlas, who besides a splendid voice had great command and execution in bravura passages. Though containing, principally in the first movement, melodious phrases of great beauty, this scena suffers from that absence of continuity, sudden and not always happy

breaks, and occasionally harsh modulations, which have prevented it, like its companion arias, from attaining the popularity of the magnificent scenas of Mozart, of Beethoven's "Ah Perfido," and of Mendelssohn's "Infelice."

1815, Op. 52.

Scena ed Aria. "Ah se Edmondo fosse l'uccisor!" For Mad. Thérèse Grünbaum, then prima donna at the Theatre of Prague. First orig. edit., pianoforte score and orchest. parts, Berlin, Schlesinger (Lienau); full score edit., by Jähns, same publishers.

This Scena is considered the best of the set, and is distinguished by a greater natural flow of ideas in the slow movement, and more legitimate vocal effects in the last Allegro. Mad. Grünbaum, to whom it is dedicated, became soon afterwards a favourite prima donna at the Imperial Theatre at Vienna, where she occupied the first rank till superseded by her younger and more successful rivals, Sontag and Schroeder-Devrient.

1812, Op. *53a.*

Scena ed Aria d'Ines de Castro (Tenore) con Cori. "Signor, se padre sei." First orig. edit., with solo, both choruses and orchest. parts, Berlin, Schlesinger (Lienau); full score edit., Jähns, same publishers.

This dramatic scena, composed expressly for Prince Friedrich of Gotha, who actually sang it himself at one of the state concerts, has a dramatic basis. King Alfonso having discovered the *mésalliance* of his son Pietro with the beautiful Ines de Castro, is determined to punish him, having expressed his wrath in a recitation, in which Pietro joins. There is a double chorus, one of priests and courtiers confirming the king's resolution, the other of the people pleading for the young prince. The contending feelings of pride and love are expressed in the aria, which, however, has always remained comparatively unnoticed for the same reason alluded to in the remarks on other of Weber's compositions of a similar kind.

THREE PART-SONGS FOR MEN'S VOICES. Op. *53b.*

1. Lebenslied am Geburtstage, "Freunde, dass Glut liebend uns trage" (1814).

2. Zwei Kränze zum Annen-Tage, "Flüstert lieblich, Sommerlüfte" (1817).

3. "Schöne Ahnung ist erglommen," also "Schmückt das Haus mit grünen Zweigen," also "Singet dem Gesang zu Ehren" (1818).

First orig. edit. Berlin, Schlesinger (Lienau).

Carl Maria is much more at home in single or part-songs in his own language, or in canzonets and duets in Italian, than in elaborate arias. Of the above excellent specimens for men's voices, No. 3 has acquired deservedly a popularity second only to "Lützow's wilde Jagd" and "Schwertlied." It is sung often on festive occasions in Germany, and for that purpose many different sets of words have been adapted to it.

SEVEN SONGS. Op. 54.

1. Die fromme Magd, "Ein fromme Magd von gutem Stand" (1818).
2. Quodlibet, "So geht es in Schützelputz-Häusel" (1817).
3. Liebeslied, "Ich hab' mir eins erwählet" (1817).
4. Abschied, "O Berlin, ich muss dich lassen" (1817).
5. Alte Weiber, "'s ist nichts mit den alten Weibern" (1817).
6. Volkslied, "Wenn ich ein Vöglein wär'" (1818).
7. Volkslied, "Weine, weine, weine nur nicht" (1818).

First orig. edit., Leipzig, Peters; Berlin, Schlesinger (Lienau). These songs are chiefly Volkslieder, the words taken from the well-known collection, "Des Knaben Wunderhorn." There is nothing more overflowing with humour, merriment, and spirit than these delightful ditties.

1817, Op. 55.

Sieben Variationen über ein Zigeuner-Lied für das Pianoforte. First orig. edit., Berlin, Schlesinger (Lienau). The last, by no means the best set of variations of the great master. It is a pretty unpretending trifle, probably composed to oblige one of his numerous amateur friends.

1818, Op. 56.

Scene und Arie zu Cherubini's Oper "Lodoiska" (soprano). "Was sag' ich? Schaudern macht mich der Gedanke." For Mad. Milder-Hauptmann, prima donna at the Royal Opera, Berlin. First orig. edit., pianoforte score with orchest. parts, Berlin, Schlesinger (Lienau); full score ed. of Jähns, same publishers.

Weber shared with Beethoven a great admiration for Cherubini's genius, and writing the above scena for perhaps one of the finest singers that ever existed, the admirable interpreter of Gluck, Mad. Milder-Hauptmann, he eschewed mere bravura passages and tried to assimilate his style to that of the great Florentine, whose scena in "Lodoiska" did not lie in the range of the prima donna's voice. In this he partly succeeded, and though there are

many interruptions, and perhaps not altogether justifiable changes of time and rhythm, it approaches nearer the scenas in "Der Freischütz" and "Oberon" than the previous concert solos.

Op. 57.

(Vide l'Accolienza in the unpublished works.)

1818, Op. 58.

Jubel Cantate. Zur Feier des fünfzigjährigen Regierungs-Antritts Sr. Majestät des Königs (Friedr. Aug. I.) von Sachsen am 20 Sept., 1818. Gedicht von Fr. Kind. "Erhebt den Lobgesang." To celebrate the 50th anniversary of the reign of King Friedrich August I. of Saxony. First orig. edit., full score, Berlin, Schlesinger.

This fine work was performed for the first time at Dresden on Sept. 20th, 1818. It is one of a series written for anniversaries and festivities at the Saxon court, which the composer describes so well in a letter written to his friend Gänsbacher. "These occasional works, which in the art-world are but ephemerides, belong to the dark side of an official position, and by reason of their perishable nature must always be an unsatisfactory labour, however strong one's feelings of true devotion and real attachment may be to him for whom they are destined." What he so truly expresses is the cause of a certain constraint and want of spontaneity, which, by the side of many charming pieces, such as the introductory solemn chorus (No. 1), the storm chorus (No. 4) and No. 7, with a solo quartet full of jubilant exultation, is sometimes painfully apparent.

1818, Op. 59.

Jubel-Ouvertüre. Written for the same occasion. First orig. edit., score, Berlin, Schlesinger.

This, after "Der Freischütz," "Euryanthe," and "Oberon," the most generally known and popular work of the composer, is widely different from the cantata to which it was added. There is not a dull note in it. From the solemn beginning, suggestive of a large congregation thronging to the Temple of the Lord full of devotional feeling, followed by the brilliant Allegro, with its soul-stirring subject and its melodious and thoroughly Weberish episode, to the grand ending and the happy introduction of the National Anthem, "Heil Dir im Siegerkranz" (the same as "God save the Queen"), the hearer is carried away by the exuberant spirit and dazzling colouring of this masterpiece. Here we find r al enthusiasm instead of inspiration by command.

1818-1819, Op. 60.

Huit pièces pour le pianoforte à quatre mains.

1818, Op. 61.

Natur und Liebe. "Cantate zur Feier des Augustus-Tages" (3 Aug.), in Pillnitz. First orig. edit., score, Berlin, Schlesinger; London, Cramer.

A small but very pretty choral work with solos, which, though never aiming at the sublime, contains much which will save it from oblivion. The frames of these charming musical pictures did not allow of great development, but the whole is coloured with an intense feeling which, in many instances, makes it preferable to the Jubilee Cantata. Amongst the most striking numbers are a duet (No. 3) for two sopranos, the sestet (No. 5), and the trio, with interspersed chorus (No. 7).

1819, Op. 62.

Rondo brillante per il pianoforte ("La Gaité"). First orig. edit, Berlin, Schlesinger.

One of Weber's most deservedly popular concert pieces, included in the *répertoire* of every *virtuoso* on the piano, and, though difficult, within the reach of advanced amateurs. Being so generally known and liked, it needs no further commentary.

1819, Op. 63.

Trio für Pianoforte, Flöte, and Violoncello. Dedicated to Weber's physician and friend, Dr. Philipp Jungh, at Prague. First orig. edit., Berlin, Schlesinger (in score, ditto).

A beautiful and effective work, written in the full ripeness of the composer's talent; the combination of the three instruments, though not common, was a very happy one. The first Allegro Moderato of a serious and contemplative character, followed by a capricious Scherzo, a simple Idyll called "Schäfer-Klage" ("Shepherd's Plaint"), and the romantic brilliant Finale contain, all, beauties of the first order. In the last movement Caspar's drinking-song in "Der Freischütz," and even the hunting-chorus, are forestalled; it is also remarkable for its unity of design.

Op. 64.

1. Volkslied, "Mein Schatzerl is hübsch" (1818).
2. Mailied, 'Tra ri ro! Der Sommer, der ist do" (1817).
3. Heimlicher Liebe Pein, "Mein Schatz, der ist auf die Wanderschaft hin" (1818).

4. Gelehrtheit, "Ich empfinde fast ein Grauen" (1818).
5. Abendsegen, "Der Tag hat seinen Schmuck" (1819).
6. Liebesgruss aus der Ferne, "Sind wir geschieden" (1819).
7. "Ei, ei, ei, wie scheint der Mond so hell" (1818).
8. Volkslied, "Herzchen, mein Schätzchen" (1819).

First orig. edit., Berlin, Schlesinger.

The songs for the greater part are Volkslieder, songs of, and for, the people, in which Weber could but very rarely be equalled—never surpassed. There is a swing and a "go" in all of them which renders them perfectly irresistible. Of those that will always be sung and received with delight Nos. 1, 2, 3, 6, and 7 are the greatest favourites—not that the others are a jot behind them in truthfulness of expression and colouring.

1819, Op. 65.

"Aufforderung zum Tanze." "Invitation à la Valse." "Rondo brillant für das Pianoforte, Seiner Caroline gewidmet." First orig. edit., Berlin, Schlesinger.

What can be said about this most happy inspiration, which has been performed by millions of pianists from wonderful children to giants like Liszt and Tausig, and which must remain for ever a standard work! It is sensational music in its best sense. You seem to see the respectful lover approaching the object of his affection, and claiming the favour of her hand for the dance. The coy damsel at first but half consents, but after some slight hesitation is persuaded. But who could resist the fascinating strain of that inspiring valse? Encircled by the arm of her happy partner, she listens to the accents of passionate love whispered in her ear, to which she replies in subdued but encouraging tones. The dance becomes more animated, and the happy swain carries his future bride through the mazy throng till the last chord of the exciting dance. Then demurely he bows his farewell. Amongst the different arrangements of this piece, whose popularity is unexampled, those of Berlioz for full orchestra, and of Tausig (with Arabesken für Concert-Vortrag), must be specially mentioned. Jähns gives a curious enumeration of the other transcriptions, including a duet à quatre mains, do. for two pianos, for two pianos à huit mains, piano and violin, two violins, violin and violoncello, string quartet, string quintet, do. with flute for first part, harp and piano, one flute, zither, and finally soprano with pianoforte accompaniment. "Vieni, o cara."

Op. 66.

1. Das Veilchen im Thale, "Ein Veilchen blüht im Thale" (1817).
2. Lied, "Rosen im Haare" (1818).
3. "Ich denke dein" (1806).
4. Lebensansicht, "Frei und froh mit muntern Sinnen" (1812).
5. Der Lethe des Lebens, "Wenn, Brüder, wie wir täglich sahen" (1809).
6. Wunsch und Entsagung, "Wenn ich die Blümlein schau" (1817)

First orig. edit., Berlin, Schlesinger.

This collection of songs, of which one half belong to an earlier period, has not become as widespread and popular as the preceding ones. It may be said that as Homer sometimes slumbers, so the great master is not exempt from that passing infirmity, though at rare intervals and far between. It must not be inferred that these songs are not well written, only that they are inferior to what we are accustomed to from the same pen.

Op. 67.

Probably intended for a collection of songs, which however were not published.

Op. 68.

Four part-songs for men's voices.

1 Das Turnierbankett, "Füllet die Humpen, muthige Knappen" (1812).
2. Ermunterung, "Ja, freue dich so wie du bist" (1819).
3. Freiheitslied "Ein Kind ist uns geboren" (1819).
4. Schlummerlied, "Sohn der Ruhe, sinke nieder" (1822).
5. Gute Nacht, "Bald heisst es wieder Gute Nacht" (1819).
6. Husarenlied, "Husaren sind gar wack're Truppen" (1821).

First orig. edit., Berlin, Schlesinger; Vienna, Steiner.

Among these beautiful songs, of which the first is for men's chorus with tenor and bass solos, the wonderfully effective Schlummerlied (No. 4), may be considered the finest. At its first production in Weber's concert at Vienna, March 19th, 1822, it was received with such an outburst of enthusiasm that only a double repetition would satisfy the public.

Op. 69.

This number would probably have included the Offertoriums, not published with the two masses, and an Agnus Dei written for the Roman Catholic Church at Dresden.

1822, Op. 70.

Grosse Sonate für Pianoforte, E minor, No. IV. Dedicated "dem Herrn Hofrath Friedrich Rochlitz." First orig. edit. Berlin, Schlesinger.

Like the "Invitation à la Valse" and the Concertstück, this splendid composition has a subject. The first movement, according to Weber's own ideas, portrays in mournful strains the state of a sufferer from fixed melancholy and despondency, with occasional glimpses of hope, which are, however, always darkened and crushed. The second movement describes an outburst of rage and insanity; the Andante in C is of a consolatory nature, and fitly expresses the partly successful entreaties of friendship and affection endeavouring to calm the patient, though there is an undercurrent of agitation—of evil augury. The last movement, a wild fantastic *Tarantella* with only a few snatches of melody, finishes in exhaustion and death. None but Weber himself could give the true picture of this fierce struggle of reason against the demon of insanity which this fine composition so graphically describes.

Op. 71.

1. Triolett, "Keine Lust ohn' treues Lieben" (1819).
2. Bach, Echo, Kuss. "Ein Mädchen ging die Wies'entlang" (1818).
3. Das Mädchen an das erste Schneeglöckchen, "Was bricht hervor wie Blüthen weiss" (1819).
4. Umsonst. "Umsonst entsagt' ich der lockenden Liebe" (1802).
5. Lied der Hirtin, "Wenn die Maien grün sich kleiden" (1818).
6. Des Künstlers Abschied, "Auf die stürmische See hinaus" (1810).

First orig. edit. complete, Berlin, Schlesinger.

Weber, as it was his wont, reverted here again to some of his former compositions, which he thought worthy of being saved from oblivion. The disparity of style which arises from that proceeding is thus easily explained.

No. 1. is one of the most graceful songs we owe to the fertile pen of Weber, who conquered the difficulty of the metre of the triolet with his usual skill.

No. 2. This song, first composed for Kind's Idyll Play, "Der Abend am Waldbrunnen," is another pleasing specimen of the author's inexhaustible store of melody, popular, without ever being vulgar.

No. 3. Perhaps the most perfect of Weber's shorter lyrics,

written with all the depth of feeling which is one of his most characteristic features.

No. 4. This was the first of all Weber's published songs; but the orig. edit. being lost, he had it reprinted in this collection. It has a dramatic colouring, but no particular artistic value.

No. 5. Thoroughly Weberish, charming, fresh, a little masterpiece.

No. 6. Written as a leave-taking from his friend Dr. Dusch, but altogether much below the standard of the first songs in this collection.

1819, Op. 72.

Polacca brillante per il pianoforte, also called "L'Hilarité." First orig. edit., Berlin, Schlesinger.

Mendelssohn's favourite solo, which he played almost in preference to all his own compositions—a work that could have been written yesterday, so brilliant and so effective is it for the performer, adopted by the *virtuosi* of all nations, and destined to remain a stock piece for all future times. Weber's own performance of this spirited piece, like that of the Concertstück, was matchless. F. Liszt has most skilfully scored this work for the orchestra, but the interpolation of the introduction belonging to the Polonaise Op. 21, is not only unwarrantable, but to any unbiassed hearer inefficient and completely out of place.

1811, Op. 73.

Concert für Clarinette. No. I. In F minor. Dedicated to his friend, Heinrich Baermann. First orig. edit., with orchest. parts, Berlin, Schlesinger; Paris, Richault.

Passionate and impetuous in the first Allegro, full of pathos and sentiment in the Andante, bright and fascinating in the last movement, this Concerto occupies undoubtedly the first rank among Weber's always interesting and effective works for the clarionet.

1811 Op. 74.

Concert für Clarinette. No. II. In E flat. Dedicated to his friend, Heinrich Baermann. First orig. edit., with orchest. parts, Berlin, Schlesinger; Paris, Richault.

Almost equal to Op. 73, and perhaps even more brilliant for the solo performer in its difficult but most showy finale, a grand polacca. This concerto aims at a dramatic character, containing,

amongst other striking beauties, a very fine recitative, embodied in the charming romance of the Andante.

1811, Op. 75.

Concert für das Fagott. Composed for G. Fr. Brandt, first bassoon in the Court Orchestra of the King of Bavaria. First orig. edit., with orchest. parts, Berlin, Schlesinger.

In this clever work Weber shows his customary facility for prominently displaying all the best qualities of even such an apparently uncouth instrument as the bassoon, and it is to this day the touchstone of the rare *virtuosi* on that instrument. It is to be regretted that this composition is almost unknown, on account of the difficulty of finding adequate performers for it. It has been adapted for violoncello, but of course loses much of its effect by the change. The two first movements are incontestably the best.

1818, Op. 75*a*.

Missa Sancta. No. I. In E flat. For four solo voices (soprano, alto, tenor, and bass) and chorus. Full score, with a part for organ (without offertorium). Paris, Richault; full pianoforte score, London, Novello.

This work, written for the celebration of the Saint's day of King Friedrich August I. of Saxony, is far from being as well known as it deserves. It certainly contains some of Weber's peculiarities, nay, crudities, in the contrapuntal treatment of the subjects, but at the same time beauties of a high order, and the neglect into which this remarkable work has fallen is to be deplored. The severe criticisms describing this mass as an incongruous mixture of the dramatic and ecclesiastical styles, and preventing it from achieving the popularity which it ought certainly to have obtained, would nowadays hardly be accepted, when the much bolder innovations of Rossini in his Mass, of Verdi in his Requiem, were hailed with general approbation. Amongst the pieces which would prove attractive if performed by some of our great Choral Societies or at festivals, the magnificent "Gloria," the elaborate "Credo," the majestic "Sanctus," and the melodious "Benedictus" might be quoted. Singularly enough Weber employed the motives of three of his six short fugues (Op. 1), written when a boy, in this composition. The Mass originally appeared without Op. number, but Weber, in his own enumeration of his works, quotes it as Op. 75, which it seems advisable to mention, though the bassoon concerto bears the same number.

1819, Op. 76.

Missa Sancta, No. II. in G, for four solo voices and chorus, also

called Jubilee Mass. First orig. edit., full score, with a part for organ (without offertorium), Vienna, Haslinger; full pianoforte score, London, Novello.

Different in character and treatment. The second mass, composed for the celebration of the golden wedding day of King Friedrich August and his Queen, has many qualities to give it a high rank amongst the master's works. It is festive, bright, and melodious throughout, in some instances, principally in the solo for tenor, "Qui tollis peccata," and that for soprano, "Et incarnatus est," of an operatic colouring. Performed by an admirable quartet of Italian vocalists, Sassaroli, soprano, Buccolini, contralto, Benelli, tenor, Bennicasa, bass, it achieved a great success at its first, and every successive performance, in Dresden at the royal chapel. The only drawback at the first performance was an unwarrantable interpolation, commanded by the King, of an offertorium for soprano, by Morlacchi—a worthless display of vocal fireworks. It may be said of this Mass, as of the preceding, that a better acquaintance with it would lead to its frequent production.

Op. 77, 78.

No works bearing these numbers can be traced. Probably some of the posthumous compositions were intended to fill the gap.

1821, Op. 79.

Concertstück. Dedicated to H.R.H. the Princess Marie Anguste of Saxony.

First. orig. edit., full score, Leipzig, Bureau de Musique, Peters. Arranged for piano alone by Hans von Bülow.

The last, and unquestionably the most striking of Weber's compositions for the pianoforte was the Concertstück, of which he had already conceived the idea as early as 1815, though he did not complete it until the morning of the first performance of "Der Freischütz," 18th June, 1821. As he had already broken through the conventional forms of the overture, so he initiated a new style for the Concerto. It would be useless and superfluous to give an analysis of a piece of music which has become, it may be said, the property, the study, and the delight of every living pianist, and which has never failed for the last six years to raise the enthusiasm of the public, in all parts of the world. It is essentially graphic music, telling its story with so much clearness that no commentary is required. The exact idea of the composer is expressed in the preceding biography.

Op. 80.

1. Lied von Clotilde, "Wenn Kindlein süssen Schlummers Ruh" (1821).
2. Sehnsucht (Weihnachtslied). "Judäa, hochgelobtes Land" (1819).
3. Elfenlied, "Ich tummle mich auf der Haide" (1819).
4. Schmerz, "Herz, mein Herz, ermanne dich!" (1820).
5. An Sie, "Das war ein recht abscheuliches Gesicht" (1820).
6. Der Sänger und der Maler, "Ei, wenn ich doch ein Maler wär'" (1820).

First orig. edit., Berlin, Schlesinger.

A charming collection, where it is difficult to award the palm. Nos. 1, 3 and 6 are widely known, and amongst these again No. 1 is by far the most popular.

II. WORKS PUBLISHED WITHOUT OPUS NUMBER.

1802.

"Sechs Ecossaisen fürs Fortepiano komponirt und zugeeignet Dem schönen Geschlecht in Hamburg." First orig. edit., with above dedication, Hamburg, Böhme; Berlin, Schlesinger (Lienau).

Written in imitation of the style of Joseph Haydn, but of no artistic value.

1803.

Grablied, "Leis', wandeln wir, wie Geisterhauch," für "Canto, 2 Tenore u. Bass."

First orig. edit. as No. 6 of posthumous works of Weber, ed. Jähns. Full score with piano accompaniment, Berlin, Schlesinger (Lienau). A fine and melodious part-song, though written when Weber was only seventeen, and worthy of being included amongst the best of his later compositions in the same style.

1804.

Piano arrangement of Vogler's opera "Samori." First orig. edit. Vienna, Mollo.

1805.

Quintet "Prinzessin" for four sopranos and one bass.

From the incomplete and unpublished opera "Rübezahl." Pianoforte arrangement by Jähns, from the orig. full score, as No. 4 of Weber's posthumous works, Berlin, Schlesinger (Lienau).

This rather lengthy piece, though containing some beautiful

melodies, of which the composer availed himself in different forms in some of his later works, cannot be considered to rank with the inspirations of his popular operas. We can trace the most striking motives in a Cantata L'Accolienza, in the Jubilee Overture and in "Oberon."

1806.

Romanza Siciliana per il Flauto principale, with accompaniment for small orchestra. First orig. edit., orchestral parts, Berlin, Schlesinger (Lienau). Arranged for flute and pianoforte by Mockwitz, ditto.

An unpretending, but rather pleasing piece, with a slight tinge of Arab or Sicilian character in the melody.

1807.

"Sinfonia in C" (No. II.), Allegro. Adagio ma non troppo. Menuetto, Allegro. Finale, Scherzo, Presto. First orig. edit., orchestral parts, Berlin, Schlesinger (Lienau); London, Novello.

What has been said with regard to the first symphony of the master, published as Op. 19, is equally applicable to the second. The same desire to follow Haydn in the structure, style and elaboration of the themes is manifest in every movement; but the whole composition seems written to order, and various beauties scattered everywhere suffer from interpolations and episodes which have no direct bearing on the principal subject, and are but too frequently stiff and awkward—giving evidence that this branch of the art, even had he continued to attempt it, did not belong to Weber's sphere. There are, however, many parts worthy of the highest commendation, such as the first Allegro and the Adagio.

Both the symphonies were written for a limited orchestra, and could Weber have revised them later in life, he would have certainly embellished these works by the instrumental combinations which are admired in his overtures.

1808.

"Der erste Ton," poetry by Fr. Rochlitz, with melodramatic music and final chorus with orchestral accompaniments. First orig. edit., orchestral and vocal parts, Bonn, Simrock. Pianoforte score by composer, ditto.

This, "The First Tone," forms the transition to a different and more elevated style of music. The idea of the poet was to extol the origin of musical sound after the

creation of the world—a mystic and confused idea, which, however, gave scope to Weber to write some very interesting melodramatic music, accompanying the introductory poem, which is spoken; the whole concluding with a fugue for the chorus and orchestra (Drum, Preis dir, Ton). By the composer's own admission this high flight is deficient in fluency, and shows his inexperience in the severe style of writing; the vocal parts being often clumsily put together, and the counter-point forced and ineffective, though here again, as in the symphonies, beauties of no mean order can be discovered.

1809.

Serenade "Horch, leise horch! Geliebte horch." For one voice with accompaniment of pianoforte or guitar; words by Baggesen. First edit., Bonn, Simrock.

An elegant composition, which, if sung with the right spirit and without unnecessary *ritardandos*, cannot fail to please, and is well adapted for a tenor voice.

1809.

Romanze (Die Ruinen), "Süsse Ahnung dehnt den Busen." Words by G. Reinbeck. First orig. edit. in type in a collection of poems by Reinbeck; Leipsic, Rein.

Not one of the most successful songs of the master; the beginning promises well, but it is unnecessarily spun out, and wanting in originality and spirit.

1809.

Rondo alla Polacca für Tenor, "Was ich da thu' das fragt er mich" in Haiden's (Haydn's) Oper "Der Freybrief;" with orchest. accompaniments. First orig. edit., pianoforte score, by Jähns; Berlin, Schlesinger (Lienau).

A pretty song, showing Weber's originality, and introduced into one of Joseph Haydn's operas for performance in Stuttgart.

1809.

Duett. "Dich an dies Herz zu drücken;" für sopran und tenor in Haiden's (Haydn's) Oper "Der Freybrief," with orchestral accompaniments. First orig. edit., pianoforte score by Jähns; Berlin, Schlesinger (Lienau). Published as No. 3 of posthumous works.

A duet interpolated like the preceding aria in Haydn's opera; Weber trying, not unsuccessfully, to adapt it to the somewhat antiquated style of that work. In its original form it belonged

to the unpublished opera "Peter Schmoll," 1801, but was much altered for the subsequent purpose, by the composer himself.

1810.

Silvana. Romantische Oper in 3 Acten. Libretto by Franz Karl Hiemer, sixth dramatic work of Weber. First orig. edit., full score, Berlin, Schlesinger, (Lienau). Pianoforte score by composer; first orig. edit. in type, Berlin, Schlesinger, 1812, (Lienau). Numerous arrangements for pianoforte solo, à quatre mains, &c. A new arrangement with French words by Widor, 1877, Paris.

"Silvana" owes its origin to Weber's second operatic attempt "The Dumb Girl of the Forest," written by him when yet a boy, but of which precocious production only some slight fragments, one or two airs, and these greatly modified, remain. It is therefore quite a mistake to mix up the two works as if they were identical; still in "Silvana" the drawbacks of an often interrupted composition, changing in manner and form as it proceeds, are manifest, and have always impaired its effect. All the corrections made in later times by Weber himself could not remove the fault of want of unity, and a very frequently heterogeneous mixture of the old and the new style. It is a pity, for instance, that the insignificant shreds and beginnings and the outline of the overture of "Das Waldmädchen" have been preserved by the composer in "Silvana." Had he been unfettered, as in "Abu Hassan," there would be the vitality in the work in which it is now unfortunately entirely deficient. Maybe that he clung to his almost childish production with a kind of tender forbearance; but the boy of 1800 felt certainly quite differently in musical matters from the young man of 1807, and still more of 1810. The arrangement by M. Widor, made as late as 1877, with an ingenious and clever libretto, could not save the opera from failure. A masterly composition, like the Quartet No. 11, forms an almost painful contrast with other pieces of the opera, as does also the finale of the second act, with a very dramatic effect and climax, reminding the hearer of the one in "Euryanthe," written when in the full ripeness of his talent. The only theatres where this opera met with a favourable reception were those of Frankfort (at its first production), Berlin, and lastly, Prague, 1817.

1810.

Canzonette (Italiänisches Ständchen), "Sicchè t' inganni, o Clori." "Wie sehr du mich verkanntest," for a bass voice, with

accomp. of pianoforte (or harp). First orig. edit., Leipzig, Peters; also in Widor's complete collection of Weber's Italian arias, canzonettes and duets, Paris, Heugel, 1880.

No more than a theme with variations for the voice on a Swabian national air, and useful as a solfeggio without any higher pretension, written on the last day of his stay at Stuttgart.

1810.

Canon "Die Sonate soll ich spielen." For three voices. Words by C. M. von Weber.

Printed in Friedr. Wilh. Jähn's catalogue of Weber's works, and not otherwise published.

During the time of Weber's stay at Mannheim, where his namesake, Gottfried Weber, lived, the two composers agreed that all small messages between them should be written in canon form. This particular one refers to a sonata of Gottfried Weber, which the composer wanted to hear performed by Carl Maria, and to which, being replete with chromatic passages, the latter refers in rather an ironical manner.

1810.

Dreistimmiger Canon, "Canons zu zwei sind nich drey," "Ach wie gelehrt umgekehrt." First orig. edit., Mayence, Schott.

This canon was composed when both the Webers, Carl Maria and Gottfried, continued their studies under the Abbé Vogler, who excelled in this particular branch of contrapuntal science, and discountenanced anything which was not based on a kind of mathematical exercise.

1810.

Variationen für das Violoncell. No. 9 of posthumous works. First orig. edit., with orchest. parts, Leipzig, Bureau de Musique (Peters), with pianoforte accomp., ditto.

The greater part of this composition had already been employed by Weber in previous works, viz., a Pot-pourri for the same instrument (Op. 20), and No. 3 of the six pieces à quatre mains (Op. 10). It is brilliant but very easy, having been compiled expressly for Weber's friend, A. von Dusch, who could not manage the Pot-pourri. The time allotted to the composer for the writing of this work was limited to eight hours.

1811.

"Abu Hassan." Opera in one act. Libretto by Hiemer. Dedicated to Ludwig I., Grand-duke of Hesse. Weber's seventh

dramatic work. Overture only, orchest. parts, orig. form, Bonn, Simrock; pianoforte score by composer, first orig. edit., ditto; various editions, and arrangement for pianoforte. *Dramatis personæ*, Fatima, mezzo-soprano; Hassan, tenor; Omar, bass; chorus of creditors.

Merry, sparkling, like a bottle of champagne, full of originality and humour. The future composer of "Der Freischütz" and "Euryanthe" reveals himself in this admirable though short work. The libretto was written by the companion of his vagaries at Stuttgart, Hiemer, quite as much troubled by pecuniary difficulties as Weber. There is an immense difference between this *bluette* and the spun-out, ungainly "Silvana." Nothing could prove its intrinsic merit better than its almost universally favourable reception, from the first performance at Munich, June 4th, 1811, till its last, in London, in 1870, when Italian words were adapted to it, and Mme. Trebelli achieved a great triumph in the part of Fatima. It contains only ten pieces, besides the overture.

1. Introduction. Duet. Fatima and Hassan.
2. Aria. Hassan.
3. Chorus of creditors for male voices, with Hassan and Omar.
4. Duet. Fatima and Hassan.
5. Aria. Fatima.
6. Duet. Fatima and Omar.
7. Trio. Fatima, Hassan and Omar.
8. Aria. Fatima.
9. Trio. Fatima, Hassan and Omar, with chorus.
10. Final chorus.

The well-known tale, taken from the *Arabian Nights*, of the light-hearted couple, Fatima and Hassan, who, to escape from the pursuits of their creditors, and their chief Omar (the love-stricken but rejected usurer), feign to be dead, and successfully baffle them, has furnished a fertile source of melodies to Weber. Nothing can be more characteristic than the impetuous chorus, claiming "Geld, Geld, Geld," nothing more elegant than the two duets of the luckless but merry couple; nothing more fascinating than the air No. 8.

The munificent Duke of Hesse sent Weber what was then a very handsome gift, 440 florins—nearly £40, for the dedication of this work, which has been undeservedly laid aside. "Abu Hassan," whenever carefully performed, will vindicate its own merits.

1811.

"Adagio und Rondo für das Harmonichord" (oder Harmonium) with orchest. accomp. Composed for Friedr. Kauffmann. First

orig. edit., as No. 15 of posthumous works, Leipzig, Bureau de Musique (Peters).

This little piece was written for the harmonichord, an improvement on the physharmonica, and predecessor of the present harmonium. It is well contrived to bring out the peculiarities of that now almost forgotten instrument.

1812.

Romanze (Wiedersehn), "Um Rettung bietet ein güld'nes Geschmeide." Words from a novel of Duke Leopold August of Gotha. Composed for the author of the lines. First published as supplement to *Polyhymnia*, an illustrated literary annual, edit. by Kind and H. Marschner. Leipzig, Hermann; as No. 10 of the posthumous works, Peters.

This song was composed to please the lifelong friend and patron of Weber, but the obscure meaning of the high-flown words of the royal poet did not inspire the musician, who, had he lived, would no doubt have opposed its publication.

1812.

Schwäbisches Tanzlied "Geiger und Pfeiffer." Part song for "Canto, 2 Tenori, Basso," with pianoforte accomp. ad lib. First orig. edit., Berlin, Gröbenschütz u. Seiler. For soprano, tenor and bass, without accomp., Hamburg, Cranz.

A characteristic quaint ditty in the genuine style of the old Swabian valse with a very brilliant part for the principal soprano. Weber, in a letter to his bride, July 27th, 1817, refers to the performance of a cantata for the Princess Maria Anna, and concludes thus, "Thereupon we sang other things, amongst them my Tanzlied 'Geiger und Pfeiffer,' which created such merriment that the Court Marshal caught the Mistress of the Robes, and valsed round the room with her, to the great amusement of everybody."

1812.

"Sechs Favorit-Walzer der Kaiserin von Frankreich, Marie Louise." Performed on her arrival at Strassburg by the Imperial Guard. First orig. edit. (without name of author), Leipzig, Bureau de Musique.

Written to order, and consequently, as in so many other instances, of an inferior description. The valses were only lately discovered by the indefatigable exertions of Jähns.

1814.

Canon, "In dem Reich der Töne schweben," for four parts. First orig. edit. in type, in Gubitz's almanack for the people (Volkskalender, 1862, p. 38).

Composed at a friendly gathering to words improvised by Gubitz, and sung on the spot by those assembled.

1814.

Canon, "Scheiden und leiden ist einerlei," for four parts. Published only in Jähns' complete catalogue of Weber's works.

Composed at a farewell party given to Weber at Pankow, near Berlin.

1815.

Dreistimmige Burleske, "Drei Knäbchen lieblich ausstaffiert," for two tenors and bass. Written for Weber's friend, Heinrich Baermann. First orig. edit. in L. Nohl's Musical Letters, p. 281-283, Leipzig, Duncker u Humblot, 1867.

A musical frolic introducing various subjects from Mozart's "Zauberflöte," to which Weber adapted comic words, sending it to his friend Baermann, on his fête day.

1815.

"Deutscher" auch "Original-Walzer," for orchestra. First orig. edit., as "Original-Walzer" in orchest. parts, Berlin, Trautwein (Guttentag), arranged for pianoforte by Jähns, ditto.

Without any artistic importance.

1815.

Lieder, "Wer stets hinter'n Ofen kroch." For baritone, with three part male chorus and orchestra, and "Wie wir voll Gluth uns hier zusammenfinden," for tenor, with orchestra. Both composed for a patriotic festival cantata, "Lieb'und Versöhnen oder die Schlacht bei Leipzig," by F. W. Gubitz. First orig. edit. the above two with three others by Wollank, Hellwig, and Rungenhagen for the same cantata. In type, Berlin, Vereinbuchshandlung; pianoforte score by Jähns, Berlin, Schlesinger.

Both spirited and effective patriotic songs, which, though only made public twenty years after their composition, rank worthily with "Lyre and Sword."

1816.

Romanze, "Ein König einst gefangen sass," for voice with accomp. of guitar. First orig. edit., Berlin, Schlesinger; with pianoforte accomp. ditto.

This beautiful romance was introduced into a play of Castelli, "Diana von Poitiers," the first two verses being sung by King Francis I., and the third by the heroine.

1817.

Lied: "Hold ist der Cyanenkranz," introduced into a pastoral festival play, "Der Weinberg an der Elbe," by Fr. Kind. For a vocal quartet and chorus with orchestral accompaniments. First published in type as supplement to the above play. Leipzig, Göschen, 1817 First orig. edit. engraved as No. 14 of Weber's posthumous works, Leipzig, Bureau de Musique (Peters).

A fresh and brilliant composition, written for a Festival Play, to celebrate the marriage of a Saxon Princess with the Grand Duke of Tuscany. The performance having been delayed and then suddenly commanded, Weber composed and scored it in the night previous to his own wedding.

1818.

Romanze. Alkanzor und Zaide "Leise weht es." For voice with accompaniment of guitar. Introduced into the play, "Das Nachtlager von Granada," by Fr. Kind. First published with two others under the title, "Drei Gesänge aus Weber's Musik Nachlass." Dresden, Friese; also separately, Berlin, Schlesinger (Lienau).

A very original, characteristic little composition, in imitation of the Spanish style, and appropriate to the subject, the composer being always careful to give national colour to his melodies.

1818.

"Sei gegrüsst, Frau Sonne, mir." Duet for tenor and bass. Introduced into the romantic spectacular comedy, "Die drei Wahrzeichen," by Holbein. First orig. edit. with two others, as above; Dresden, Friese.

A short and unpretending song.

1819.

Doppel-Canon für vier Singstimmen. Without words. In Louis Spohr's Album.

Facsimile in Spohr's Autobiography. See also Jähns' catalogue of Weber's works.

1820.

"Der Freischütz," romantic opera in three acts. Libretto by Friedrich Kind. Weber's eighth dramatic work. Complete, full score. First orig. edit., with Weber's lithographic portrait, 1843,

Berlin, Schlesinger; French edit. as "Robin des Bois ou les Trois Balles." Words by Castil-Blaze. Paris, Castil-Blaze. Full pianoforte score by the composer. First orig. edit., Berlin, Schlesinger, 1821; for pianoforte alone, ditto. See Biography, page 65 *et seq.*

1820.

"Preciosa." Drama in four acts, by Pius Alex. Wolff, mit Musik. Weber's ninth dramatic work. Complete full score. First orig. edit., Berlin, Schlesinger. Full pianoforte score by composer, Berlin, Schlesinger; for pianoforte alone, ditto. See Biography, page 57.

1822.

Das Licht im Thale, "Der Gaishirt steht am Felsenrand." Ballad with pianoforte accompaniment. First published in a collection of songs "Taschenb. zum gesell. Vergnügen," for 1823, by Becker, edited by Kind; in type, p. 238; also separately, Berlin, Schlesinger (Lienau).

A short and by no means interesting song, probably written in a great hurry to oblige his friend Kind.

1823.

"Euryanthe." Grand heroic romantic opera in three acts. Libretto by Helmina von Chezy. Weber's tenth dramatic work. Dedicated by the composer to His Majesty Francis I., Emperor of Austria. First complete full score, with the subsequently added Pas de cinq, and the abbreviations made by Weber himself for Vienna and Dresden, besides a preface of the editor, Professor G. Rudolff, with Weber's important observations on the tempi, their treatment, and all the metronome marks, 1866, Berlin, Schlesinger (Lienau); full pianoforte score, first orig. edit. by composer, Vienna, Steiner, 1823; pianoforte alone, ditto. See Biography, page 91 *et seq.*

1824.

Romance, "Elle était simple et gentilette." For voice with pianoforte accompaniment. Words by Ferd. de Cussy, German version, Grünbaum. First orig. edit. as "Cédant au charme de la prière," Paris, Richault; with German words, Berlin, Schlesinger, (Lienau).

This simple, graceful song was the only composition written by Weber during seventeen months, from the termination of "Euryanthe" till the beginning of "Oberon," a period of both physical and moral prostration unprecedented in Weber's ever-active career. Even this would not have been written but for the incessant entreaties of the author of the words, M. de Cussy.

1825.

Schützenweihe, "Hörnerschall! Ueberfall!" Part song for four men's voices with pianoforte accomp. ad. lib. Words by A. Oertel. First printed in a book entitled "Liederbuch für deutsche Krieger und deutsches Volk," Darmstadt, Junghaus. P. 376, Anh. 2.

The last of the patriotic songs Weber composed, and by no means inferior to its seventeen predecessors. It is admirably written for the voices, full of fire and energy.

1825.

Zehn Schottische, National Gesänge (Ten Scotch National Melodies), with Preludes, accompaniments, etc., for pianoforte, flute, violin, and violoncello, added by Weber.

1. "The Soothing Shades"	words by	T. Pringle.
2. The Troubadour	,,	W. Scott.
3. "O Poortith Cauld"	,,	R. Burns.
4. Bonny Dundee	,,	R. Burns.
5. "Yes, thou may'st walk"	,,	J. Richardson.
6. A Soldier am I	,,	W. Smyth.
7. "John Anderson, my Jo," old poem, the two last verses by		R. Burns.
8. "O my Love's like the red, red Rose"	,,	R. Burns.
9. "Robin is my joy, mi dear"	,,	Dav. Vedder.
10. "Whar ha'e ye been a' day"	,,	Machnell.

First orig. edit. with German words, Leipzig, Probst.; contained in "The Melodies of Scotland," with symphonies and accompaniments for pianoforte, violin, etc., by Pleyel, Haydn, Beethoven, Weber, Hummel, etc. Edinburgh, published by the proprietor, G. Thompson; and (Vol. I. III V.), London, Th. Preston; (Vol. II. IV.), London, Coventry and Hollier.

Mr. G. Thompson, an eminent publisher and collector, had already obtained from Beethoven sixty-two Irish melodies arranged in the same fashion, following the example of Joseph Haydn, who was the first musical celebrity applied to. He now commissioned Hummel and Weber to continue the work of their illustrious predecessors, and embodied the result in a collection of five volumes, together with some very inferior contributions by Pleyel and Kotzeluch. The idea was not a happy one. Had Thompson told the great composers that he wished to have the harmonies (sometimes incorrect and awkward) reviewed and

altered, without changing the simplicity and originality of their treatment, the result would have been quite different; but leaving them full scope to add and modify as they liked, the consequence was, that the very essence of the originals was often changed, and that it is difficult to recognise them. There are harmonic turns—accompaniments for the instruments added, which, though skilfully managed—as how could they be otherwise?—alter entirely what ought to have been preserved. They have never become, and never will become, popular.

1826.

"Oberon." Romantic Opera in three acts. Libretto by James Robinson Planché. First orig. edit., pianoforte score by the composer; London, Welsh and Hawes, 1826, now Wood. German version by Theodor Hell. Complete full score, Prachtausgabe, Schlesinger (Lienau); German and French, Paris, Brandus; German and Italian, ditto.; Swedish, Stockholm, Hirsch. See Biography, page 121 *et seq.*

1826.

Marsch (a), for wind and brass instruments; (b), for full orchestra with chorus. "Zu den Fluren des heimischen Heerdes." First orig. edit. for wood wind and brass instruments, as No. 8 of posthumous works, Leipzig, Peters. For orchestra and chorus, ditto.

Weber, having received an invitation to the Festival dinner of the Royal Society of Musicians on May 13th, 1826, adapted for it the above march, only a few weeks before his death. It had been composed as early as 1801, but being of a joyous festive character, Weber thought it would be fit for the occasion, and added to it an entirely new trio, scoring also the whole, which had only existed as a pianoforte duet. It is perfectly marvellous that at death's door, and with the irresistible yearning for his home which absorbed all his thoughts, he should have found courage to pen the above. Though the composer was not present at the dinner, his work was most cordially received, and a hearty cheer given to the absent master. Amongst the distinguished musicians present on the occasion were Sir George Smart, John B. Cramer, Moscheles, Potter, Knyvett, Loder, Bishop, and other leading members of the profession.

UNPUBLISHED WORKS.

1801.

"Peter Schmoll und seine Nachbarn." Opera in two acts. Libretto taken from K. G. Cramer's novel of the same name,

and written by Joseph Türke. Weber's third dramatic work. *Dramatis personæ*, Minette, soprano; Riding-Master, Niclas, tenors; Schmoll, Bast, Greis, basses.

Of this juvenile opera, only two pieces have appeared in print, viz:—the overture, and the duet No. 9, with pianoforte accompaniment by Jähns. *Vide* works without Op. number. Neither of the novel by Cramer, which furnished the subject of the libretto, nor of the libretto itself, could Mr. Jähns, the indefatigable compiler of every scrap of music written by Weber, find a trace. The opera was performed in Augsburg in 1803, but as no mention is made of it in Weber's own sketch of his life, excepting that bare fact, and a significant remark that it did not prove successful, it must be held that he considered it premature and a failure. This opinion of the composer has been confirmed by a careful perusal of the MS., and more so by the fact that, with the exception of the concluding chorus embodied, with the addition of all the splendour of a modern orchestra, in the finale of "Oberon," none of the other pieces of the opera have been revived. The style of the work is very similar to that of Weigl, Gyrowetz, and Dittersdorf, and completely unlike the later productions of the great master.

1804–5.

Two pieces from "Rübezahl."

When hardly seventeen, Weber, who, at the recommendation of his master, Abbé Vogler, was engaged as musical director at Breslau, undertook the composition of the opera "Rübezahl, the demon of the Giant Mountains" (Riesengebirge). The libretto, written by Herr Rhode, friend and contemporary of Lessing, though containing here and there dramatic situations, would nowadays be considered entirely unfit for the stage. Nor are the few existing fragments of the music of a nature to cause regret for the non-completion of the work, though during two years Weber earnestly contemplated it. Judging severely his early attempt, he only preserved from oblivion in the overture, known as the "Ruler of the Spirits," the principal subject of the original. Of the opera itself, the quintet mentioned among works without Op. number, a chorus of spirits, No. 3, and a recitative and aria for bass and chorus, No. 7 (the last two in MS.), only exist.

1812.

Kriegs-Eid, "Wir stehn vor Gott." For men's voices in unison. Accompaniment of brass instruments.

A simple, but grandly-conceived, and very effective composition which was successfully performed, with German words in London at one of Sir Julius Benedict's concerts, June 26th, 1863, the MS. having been entrusted to him by Baron Max von Weber. It is a spirited precursor of "Lyre and Sword," and if more frequently heard could not fail to achieve a great and deserved popularity.

1817.

L'Accoglienza (Der Fest-Empfang). Cantata in occasione del felice Imeneo delle A.A. J.J. e R.R. Leopoldo di Toscana e Maria Anna Carolina di Sassonia. Parole del Signor Celani, 29th Ottobre, 1817. Dresden.

This work, another of the burdens of Weber's position, was written in the short space of a fortnight, for the wedding of the Hereditary Grand Duke of Tuscany with the Princess of Saxony. During the absence of his colleague and rival, Morlacchi, not only the direction of the German, but of the Italian Opera also, the arduous service at the Roman Catholic Court Chapel, implying four or five times a week his personal attendance and conductorship, besides the table music of the King at Pillnitz, were thrust upon Weber's shoulders. As ill-luck would have it, the preparations for his own wedding, with workmen in every room of his lodgings, interfered so much with his work that he wrote to Gänsbacher "it was enough to drive one mad." Being thus pressed for time he was compelled to have recourse to some of his old and forgotten MSS. by taking fragments from "Peter Schmoll" and "Rübezahl," and moulding them with new and elaborate scoring for their new purpose. This, however, did not prevent him from adding fresh material, which, in its turn, contained so much of spontaneous melody and charm, as to be partly used by the composer for his last opera "Oberon." Under these circumstances it seems doubtful whether the publication of the MS. would be desirable, as all the art of the composer was unable to blend such heterogeneous elements.

1821.

"Die drei Pintos." Unfinished comic opera in three acts. Libretto by Theodor Hell (Karl Winkler). Weber's twelfth dramatic work.

The subject of this opera was taken from a German novel called "Der Brautkampf," (Struggle for the Bride,) by Di C. Seidel. The following is an outline of the plot: Don Pantaleon

de Pacheco of Seville (bass), has promised, by letter, the hand of his niece Clarissa (soprano), to Don Pinto de Fonseca (bass), son of his friend Don Numo de Fonseca. This Pinto is an uncouth, ponderous, stupid clown, whom, however, neither Clarissa, Laura (soprano), her sprightly maid, nor Don Pantaleon himself know personally. Pinto on the journey to his bride arrives at an inn, where he meets a student, Don Gaston (tenor), ready for any kind of fun, to whom he communicates the object of his errand. Gaston thereupon determines to introduce himself to Pantaleon and Clarissa under Pinto's name; to accomplish which he conspires with his astute servant, Ambrosio (bass), and the merry daughter of the innkeeper, to entice Pinto into a jovial supper, the consequences of which prevent the unlucky bridegroom from leaving his temporary lodging. Gaston, possessing himself of Pinto's letters of introduction, proceeds at once to Pantaleon's house at Seville. Here, before meeting Don Pantaleon, he meets Don Gomez (tenor), the lover of Clarissa. Gomez, to whom Gaston presents himself as the real Pinto, entreats him not to cross his love; Gaston gives that promise, but without divulging his real name, and induces Gomez to avail himself of Pinto's letters of introduction, and to represent him (Gaston) as his friend. Both are received in a solemn manner by Pantaleon, and Gomez is betrothed to Clarissa, who has been initiated by Gaston in the whole secret. All at once the real Pinto appears outside the house. Gaston denounces him to the servants as an intriguing and dangerous fellow, though a relative of the family; Pinto, therefore, is not admitted. At a festive gathering which Pantaleon arranges in honour of the betrothed couple, Numo de Fonseca, Pinto's father, appears at last. Pinto, who by this means gains also admission, is recognised as the real Pinto, Gomez as a simple, and Gaston as a double impostor. All however is arranged satisfactorily. Gomez and Clarissa become a happy pair.

For this not very elaborate or ingenious imbroglio, Weber had composed some of his happiest inspirations, and the loss of a work so totally different in character and treatment from "Der Freischütz," "Euryanthe," or "Oberon," and still of the most striking originality, cannot be lamented enough.

It was the privilege of the writer of these lines, not only to hear every piece of the first act as it came fresh from the brain of the author, but to become so familiar with them that he could remember every note, though they were penned in the usual hieroglyphic style of the master, who, having the whole, with all its instrumental and choral effects, perfect in his head, was satisfied with writing only the vocal parts, in many instances

without even a bass, and with very scanty indications of the accompaniment. Had the task of completing the fragments been confided immediately after the death of the beloved master, or even one or two years later, to his pupil, he could have supplemented the deficiencies and omissions, and at any rate have presented a pianoforte score containing the harmonies and chief features of every number; but this was not to be. About twenty-eight years after the death of Weber, the imperfect MS. was entrusted to his lifelong friend, Meyerbeer, who had undertaken to fill up the existing gaps, and to adapt the materials to a short one-act opera. On examining the MS. carefully, Meyerbeer recoiled from the difficulty of the task, and in a conversation in Paris with the writer, asked him to undertake this labour. It was then too late, and every recollection of the charming music had been irretrievably lost. Enough, however, remains in this interesting *torso* to make one regret the circumstance. Even the vocal parts existing give evident proof of the masterly conception of the whole.

The attempt made by C. G. Reissiger to arrange with full orchestra the Duet No. 3 (So wie Blumen), of which there are more indications in the accompaniments than of any other number, has not proved successful; it was, however, performed for the first time in public at a concert of Mr. J. Benedict in 1863 but met with a cold reception. A singular circumstance connected with this opera deserves to be mentioned. When, in 1848, the widow of Weber saw his pupil at Dresden, she asked him, in reference to his conversation with Meyerbeer, if he remembered whether the parts of the opera with which they were all so familiar were scored by her husband. She maintained that this was the case, that the full score was in the same neat handwriting as those of "Der Freischütz" and "Euryanthe," and that he carried it always with him, and brought it to England. Benedict, though he had not seen the score but only the sketches, shared her opinion, and she expressed her sorrow that, when suggesting that the labour of restoration should be entrusted to the pupil rather than to the friend of her husband, she was overruled by contrary advice. It was, however, quite natural that preference should be given to the world-wide fame of the author of "Robert le Diable" and "Les Huguenots." From what Frau v. Weber said, it would appear that the MS. must have been lost, or abstracted in London, after the sudden death of her husband. It seems that on that fatal morning many persons were admitted to have a glance at the features of the beloved composer, and it is not impossible that some enthusiast may have profited by the confusion at Sir George Smart's house to possess

himself of the precious document. On the other hand Mr. Jähns, whose investigations have been unremitting, and whose opinion is certainly of the greatest value, maintains that, remembering how very particular Weber was in recording every feature connected with his works in his diary, it is unlikely that in that single instance he should have deviated from the course he always pursued, omitting to mention the scoring of even one piece from the "Three Pintos." Of this circumstance the following explanation might be given. When, after "Euryanthe" in 1823, Weber returned to Dresden, and when the interval of nearly seventeen months of prostration and inactivity followed, he may have been so much disheartened that he did not even choose to note his undertakings. This, however, is only a supposition, and the error of believing that the act was completed may have arisen from the fact that the first page contained eighteen bars in full score, encouraging the idea that the remainder was in the same portfolio.

Act I. No. 1. Chorus of Servants of Don Pantaleon. Clarissa, Laura, Pantaleon. "Wisst ihr nicht was wir hier sollen." An elaborate and most ingenious piece, beginning with a lively and chatty chorus, expressing the curiosity of the servants to know what will be decided with regard to the daughter of the house. Don Pantaleon's pompous solo, with a peculiar and ludicrous turn at the end, well expressing the self-conceit of the old gentleman, the plaintive mourning of Clarissa despairing of being united to her lover, and the spirited encouragement of her lively maid, form a most animated tableau.

No. 2. Recitative and aria. Clarissa. "Wonnesüsses Hoffnungs-träumen." The four first bars are found to be identical with the fragment of a lost solfeggio, composed by Weber in 1818. No. 3. Duet ("So wie Blumen") and Trio ("Geschwind nur von hinnen"). Clarissa, Gomez, Laura. The graceful and elegant duet deserved to fare better than to be so feebly completed as it was by Reissiger. The trio, full of bustle and animation, might have rivalled "Zitti zitti, piano, piano." No. 4. Duet. Inez, Gaston. "Wir die den Musen dienen." This piece is chiefly remarkable for the introduction of an original Spanish melody, which was found, by A. Thayer, who has compiled the famous catalogue of Beethoven's works, to have been also treated by that master. No. 5. Trio. Gaston, Pinto, Ambrosio. "Also frisch, das Werk begonnen." Most striking and genial. Gaston's overflowing spirits on the success of his stratagem are illustrated by a brilliant violin solo, the effect of which is increased by the clumsy imitation of Pinto, the accompaniment being transferred with comic effect to the

violoncellos and double basses, whilst Ambrosio, with assumed sentimentality, gives an absurd version of the tender answers of the bride. No. 6. Finale. Inez, Gaston, Pinto, and Chorus. "Auf das Wohlsein uns'rer Gäste." A most cleverly contrived and admirably carried out composition. The hilarity of poor Pinto, soon degenerating into a state of complete drunkenness, the jovial character of both Inez' and Gaston's solos, and the mocking spirit of the chorus, are admirably expressed.

Act II. No. 7; Duet. Gaston, Ambrosio. "Nun da sind wir." A bright effective duet between tenor and bass.

The following extract from a letter of Weber to Lichtenstein, 17th May, 1824, may indicate the composer's views with regard to this work:—"I think as little of the Pintos now as of music in general. I am quite tired of it, and am not likely to undertake any more elaborate works in a hurry."

1826.

Gesang der Nurmahal aus Lalla Rookh. Words by Thomas Moore. "From Chindara's warbling fount I come." Composed expressly for Miss Stephens (now Dowager Countess of Essex).

At a concert given by Weber at Argyll Rooms, May 26, 1826, this song was performed for the first and only time, with an impromptu accompaniment of the composer, by Miss Stephens. Weber's trembling hand had not the power to trace more than the melody on the paper, and the pianoforte part was supplied subsequently in the most efficient manner by his friend Ignace Moscheles. It is touching to find in his diary how, within death's grasp, he tried to invoke the old power. He writes on the 23rd "——forced myself to compose for Stephens. . . . . tried again in the evening in vain." 24th. "Worked for Miss Stephens." 25th. "Got up at five. Sketched song for St.; rehearsed with her at two o'clock." This was Weber's last composition, and, though written under the most distressing circumstances, is quite worthy of the author of "Oberon."

There are a quantity of detached pieces existing in MS., such as the two offertoriums to his Masses, the music to Müllner's tragedy "King Yngurd," to Gehe's play "Henry IV.," with many others of which it is impossible to give an opinion, as they are the private property, partly of Baron Max von Weber, partly of Herr Jähns, whose patience and perseverance in accomplishing a most difficult and laborious task cannot be praised sufficiently.

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